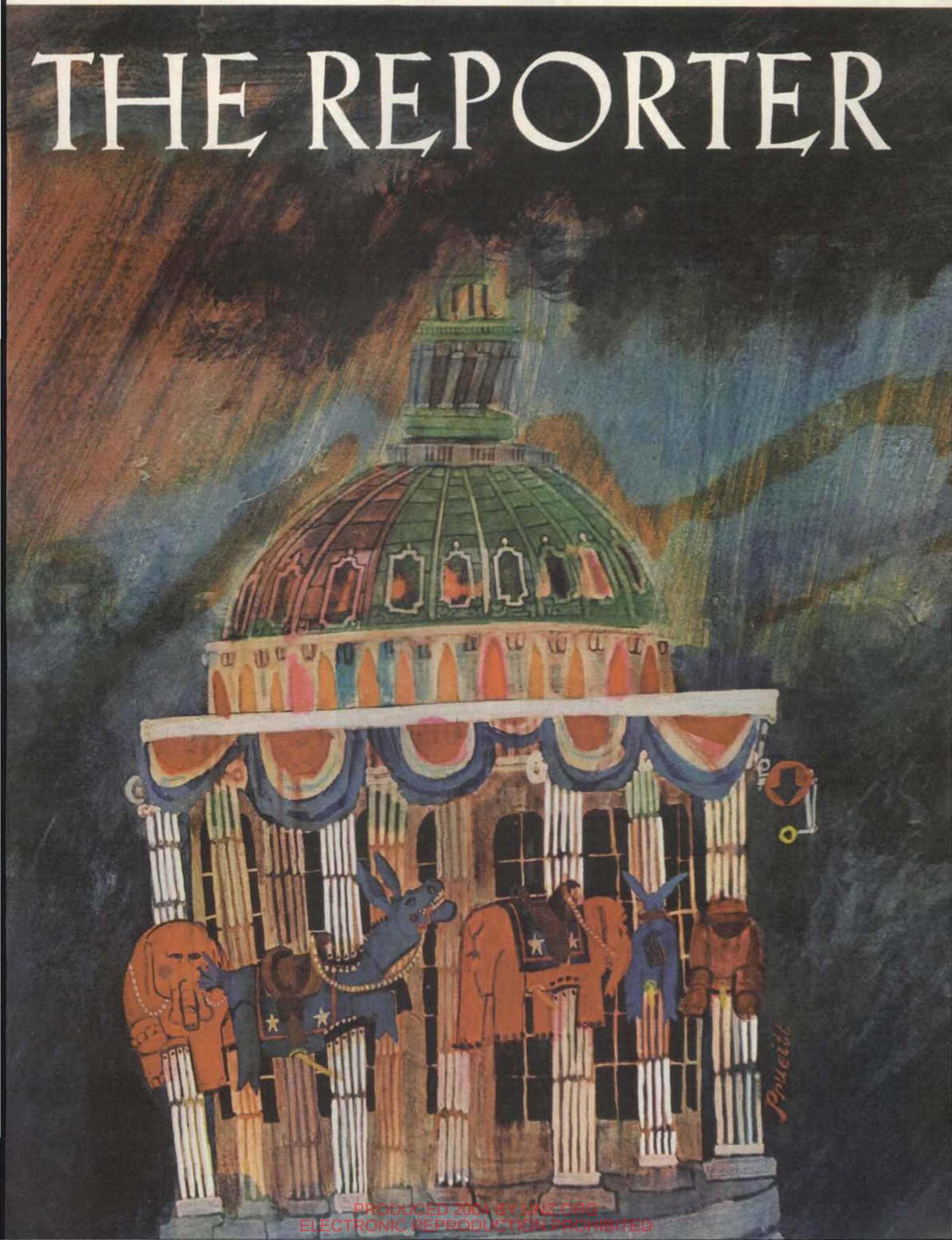
This Electoral Trauma

October 22, 1964 35¢

IGNAZIO SILONE's 'Return to Fontamara'

THE REPORTER



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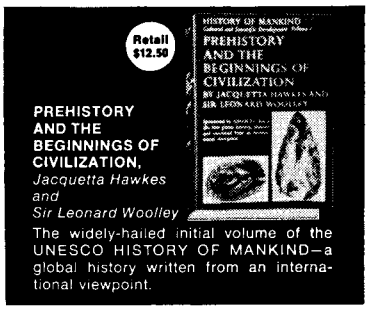

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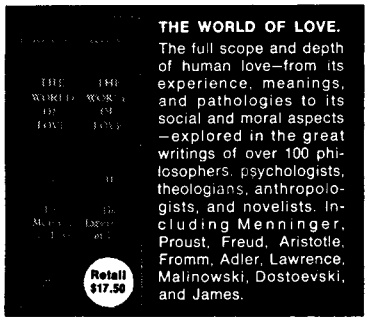

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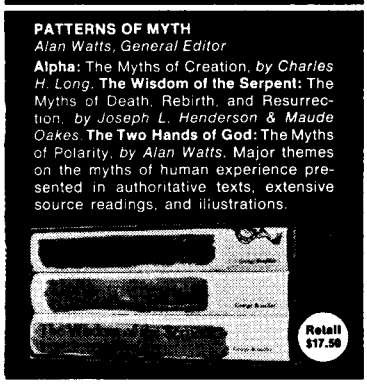

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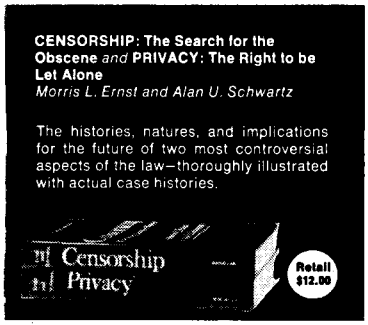

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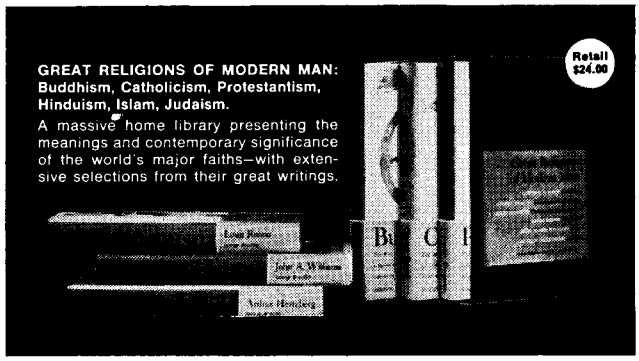

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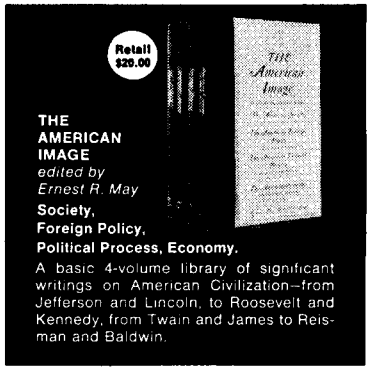

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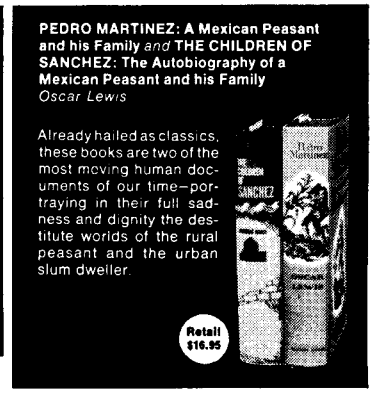

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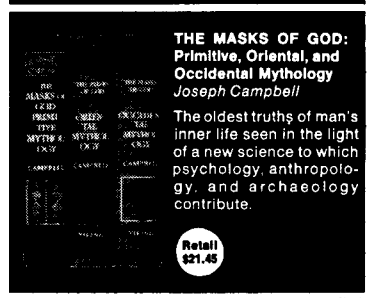

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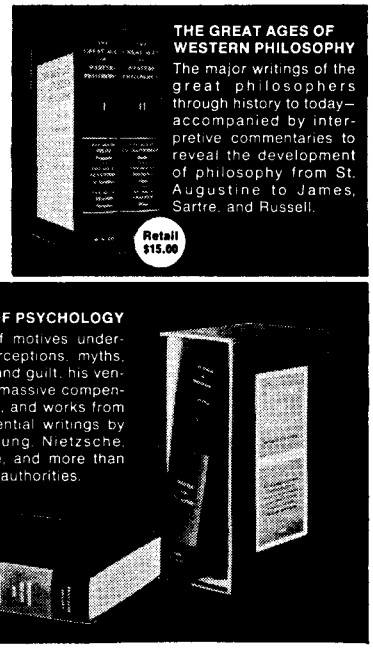

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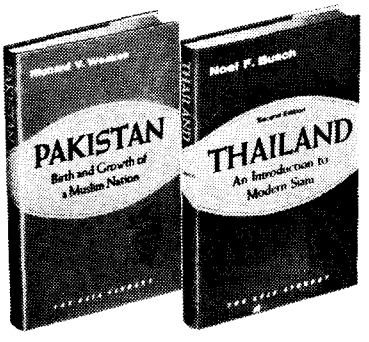

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THE REPORTER, October 22, 1964, Volume 31, No. 7. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021.

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Editorial and Business Office: 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021; Phone: TEmpleton 2-8800. Washington Office: 500 - National Press Bldg., 14th and F Sts., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004, District 7-0045.

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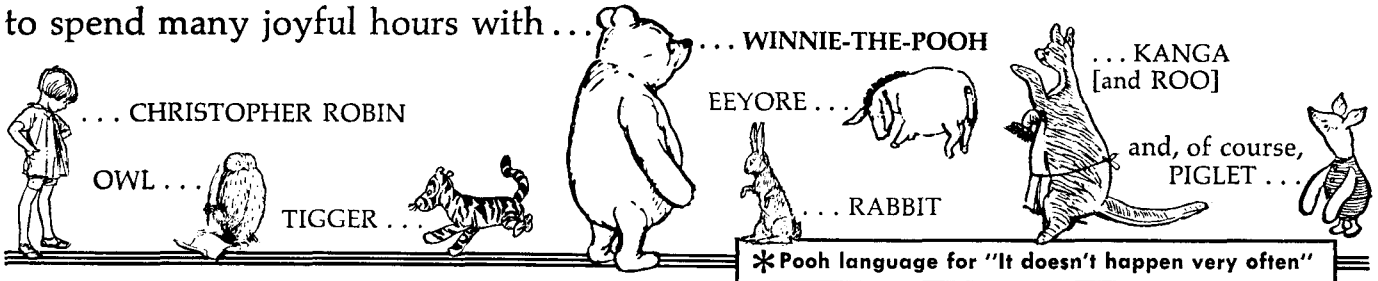

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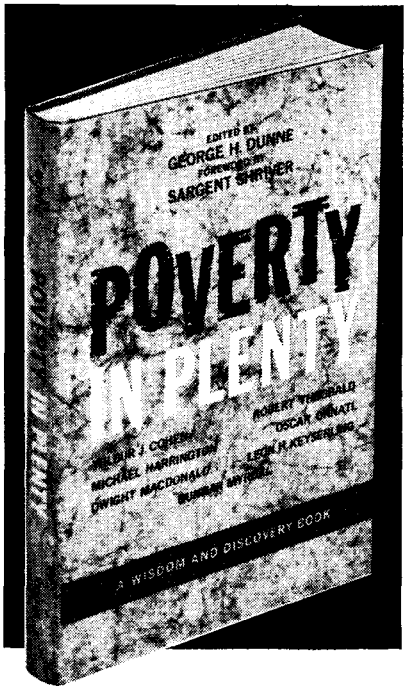

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

SOMEHOW the Presidential campaign is both crucially important and a colossal bore. It's a bore because surely almost all voters had heard enough to know how they were going to vote the minute they knew the names of the candidates; the protracted weeks of speeches and perfunctory hoopla are a punishment that is not apt to change many votes or clarify many issues. And yet the one great issue—Goldwater or Johnson?—is so fraught with importance for the nation and the world that any time spent in any measure of doubt about the outcome is another, and far worse, sort of punishment. As **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, the nation may have seen some of the forces behind Goldwaterism in the past, but never before has such radicalism gone so far as to gain control of one of our two major parties. Even when it is over, this electoral trauma is bound to leave scars.

Senator Goldwater has stated that his fortunes on November 3 will be decided in Illinois, California, Ohio, and Texas. For **Robert Bendiner,** author of *Obstacle Course on Capitol Hill* (McGraw-Hill), the first of these key states presents an ideal sampling of national trends in 1964. It has backed the winner in all but two elections over the past century. After an intensive tour of the state, Bendiner found that the issues Goldwater hopes will help him are not paying off. . . . In California, Goldwater's fate is closely linked with an impassioned local issue—an initiative to establish discrimination in housing as a constitutional "right" of property owners. Labeled Proposition 14, the initiative has sharply divided the state, cutting across party lines and leaving both parties worried. **Joseph Lewis** is a Los Angeles correspondent for the Time-Life News Service. . . . The job of senator from New York is one of the most unorthodox and difficult in the upper house. The way Senator Keating has handled it, reports our Washington Correspondent, **Meg Greenfield,** has earned him the respect of colleagues on both sides of the aisle. . . . **Wallace Carroll,** editor and publisher of the Winston-Salem *Journal* and *Twin City Sentinel,* contributes some new words to old tunes suitable for a campaign hootenanny. . . . In our Notes section, **Spencer Klaw,** free-lance writer and paterfamilias, endeavors to give his daughter the epistolary advantages Barry has lavished on his Joanne. . . . In Ohio, third of the Goldwater key states, the Democrats are worried because they seem on the verge of winning important offices for the first time in years and it all seems too good to be true, while the Republicans fear that the Arizona senator may be giving many of their candidates the kiss of death. Ohioan **James A. Maxwell** writes on political topics. . . . One of the most interesting races of 1964 is between Governor Orval Faubus of Arkansas and his dynamic Republican challenger, Winthrop Rockefeller. Rockefeller has a good chance to block Faubus's bid for a sixth term, according to **Tom Dearmore,** co-editor of the *Baxter Bulletin* of Mountain Home.

POLITICS and literature have dominated the adventurous life of **Ignazio Silone,** whose anti-Fascist activities in the 1920's led to his exile from his native Italy. In 1930, he published his first book, *Fontamara,* in Switzerland. His latest novel, *The Fox and the Camellias,* was published by Harper in 1961. The author's nostalgic revisit to the scene of his first novel, translated for us by **Frances Frenaye,** originally appeared in *Tempo Presente,* a monthly magazine in Rome of which Mr. Silone is co-editor. . . . Sometimes, as **Fernando Krahn** illustrates, it is truly better to give than to receive. . . . **Nat Hentoff's** *The New Equality* was published this summer by Viking. . . . Most actors can throw away a line on occasion, but Marcello Mastroianni, handsome juvenile turned anti-actor, has mastered the throwaway role, according to **Richard Bimonte,** who teaches at the New School for Social Research. . . . **Marcus Klein,** a member of the faculty at Barnard College, is the author of a recent study of American novels in mid-century entitled *After Alienation* (World). . . . Engineer-journalist **C. W. Griffin, Jr.,** wrote the comprehensive study of air pollution in our September 10 issue. . . . **Hal Higdon,** a free-lance writer in the Midwest, is also a noted amateur long-distance runner.

Our Washington cover is by **Jerry Prueitt.**

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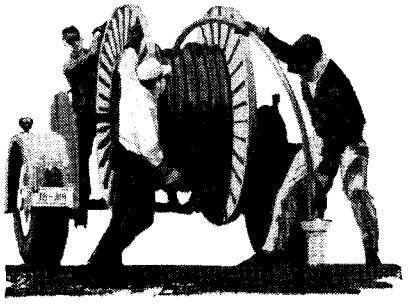
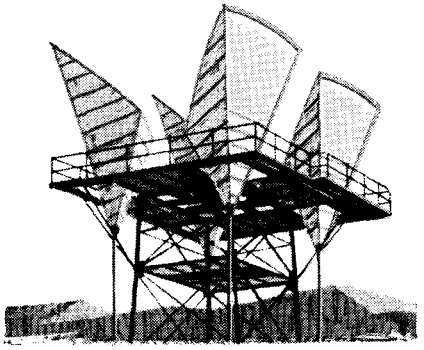
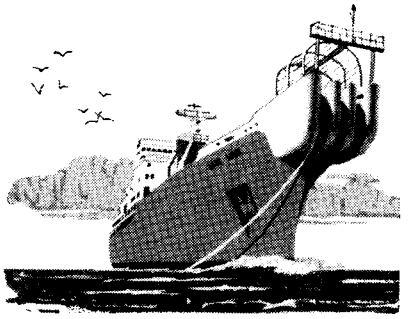


A buried coaxial cable may carry as many as 9300 phone conversations at the same time.

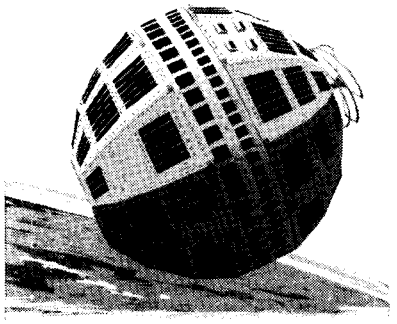


Radio relay systems can handle more than 17,000 simultaneous phone conversations.

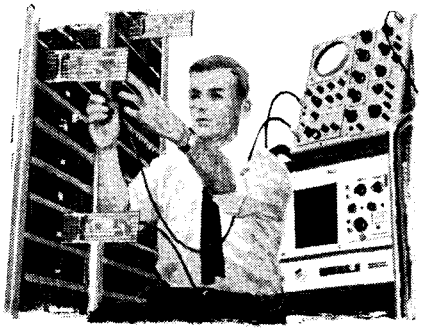


Submarine cables whisk your words under-seas as clearly as when you talk across town.

These developments will speed your telephone conversations tomorrow



A worldwide system, pioneered by Telstar® satellites, may speed your calls via space.



Electronic Switching will connect you faster and provide many useful new phone services.

Directly-dialed Collect and Person calls will speed to completion with Operator aid.

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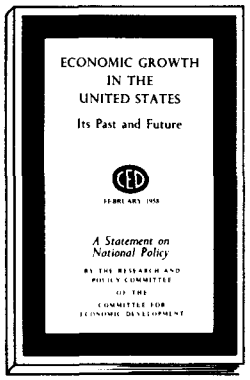

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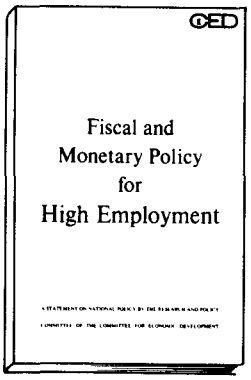

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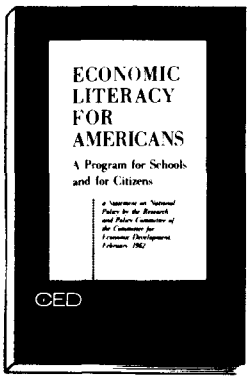

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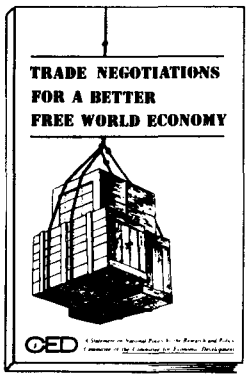

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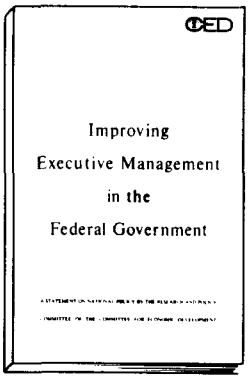

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CORRESPONDENCE

KENNEDY VS. KEATING

To the Editor: I have just read of your endorsement of Senator Kenneth Keating ("The Reporter's Notes," September 24). In it you urge the virtue of the "old, sensible" custom of long residence and the senator's "splendid evidence of independence" from the present leaders of his party. Elsewhere in the comment, I would suggest, you make an even stronger argument for Robert Kennedy.

You say that he made "an admirable record" as U.S. Attorney General. You note that in his battle for civil rights he "selected and backed up men of uncommon courage and ability." You stress his youth, versatility, and "fiendish capacity for work." Surely these are the traits one would seek in a senator representing a great urban area in this time. They mean that he would not be beholden to bosses—in Massachusetts we have difficulty imagining any machine politician controlling a Kennedy. Versatile competence combined with courage and energy is surely what the great urban complex of the Eastern Seaboard requires of its representatives in Washington. *The Reporter*, perhaps more than any other magazine, has dramatized the crisis of this seaboard metropolis that stretches from Boston to Washington. Surely you will agree on the comparative unimportance of where in this complex a man was born. Surely you will agree that ability to deal with its problems is the decisive thing.

The great rural crisis of the twenties and thirties brought an extremely able group of rural legislators to Washington. That was because their constituents could afford no other kind. The urban crisis has a similar imperative. One does not have to denigrate Senator Keating to speak for his opponent. Senator Keating has been in the national legislature a long time. Whatever his merits, it is clear that he is not going to be a leader in solving the problems of the modern metropolitan community. Mr. Kennedy, you all but concede, would be such a leader. Surely this is a strong argument for this talented man.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The Editor replies:

I am afraid I deserve John Kenneth Galbraith's gentle reprimand: wishing to be fair to Robert Kennedy, I overdid it. Fortunately, Mr. Galbraith comes to my rescue. He goes into a subject I had left out: Massachusetts politics. Then, in the name of an authoritative group ("we in Massachusetts"), he grants any member of a certain family ("a Kennedy") a plenary certification of immunity from machine politics. Why all the fuss? I would not presume to know who is beholden to whom in the chronic mess of Massachusetts politics, but certainly the eradication of cor-

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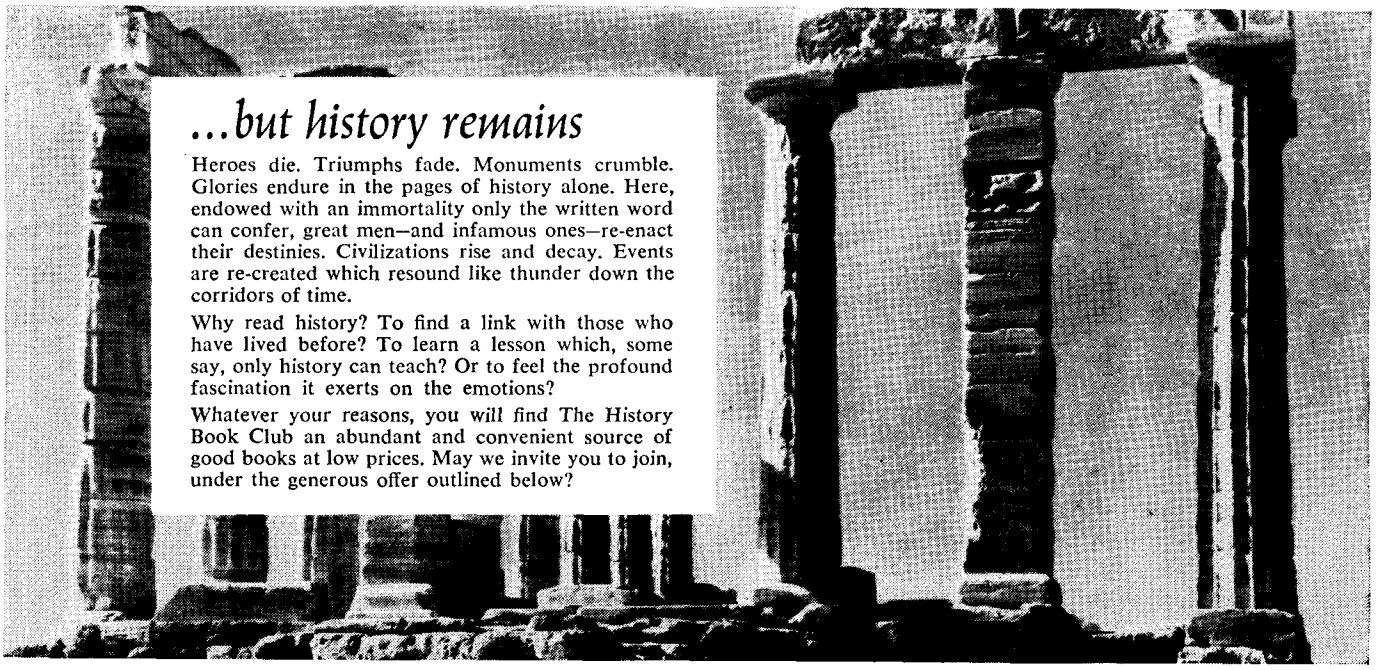

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ruption in state and local government cannot be counted among the political achievements of "a Kennedy."

The reason, perhaps, is to be found in a surfeit of energy impatient with housekeeping or housecleaning back home and eager to flow over wider and wider areas. This outflow is strikingly exemplified by Mr. Galbraith, a Kennedy partisan. He cannot think of Robert Kennedy in terms of a state but of a much broader constituency that he considers inadequately represented in the U. S. Senate and commensurate with Mr. Kennedy's stature: the great urban complex of the Eastern Seaboard. There may be merit in each of the three vague notions Mr. Galbraith suggests: the urban complex, "we in Massachusetts," and the—or "a"—unbeholden Kennedy. But the mix is, I am afraid, a rationalization for political ruthlessness.

The longer the senatorial contest goes on, the more strongly I feel about the need to re-elect Kenneth Keating, who has fully lived up to what the state and the nation have demanded of him and is asking now to be returned to Washington only as U.S. senator from New York.

—M.A.

To the Editor: I was disappointed by your endorsement of Kenneth Keating. It reads a little bit like the editorial in the *Times* which revealed only in the last two lines that it supported Eisenhower after lavishing praise on Stevenson. Since you do not decry Kennedy's ambition or his ability, I find only two reasons for your support of Mr. Keating. The first is his "independence from his party's new bosses"; and the second is that the opportunity to become a candidate was offered to Mr. Kennedy by political bosses. I find the first reason unconvincing and inadequate. To be for Kenneth Keating is to be against Robert Kennedy. It is not a reason to be for Mr. Keating because he is against Barry Goldwater. Robert Kennedy is against Barry Goldwater too, and one should not oppose Robert Kennedy on this basis. Kenneth Keating was for Richard Nixon, and I do not believe that liberals should be asked to support a man whose philosophy in that respect appears unchanged, merely because his party leadership has now shifted so far to the Right as to make him appear liberal by comparison.

There seems to be no good basis to question Mr. Kennedy's liberal philosophy and dedication to the program of the administration headed by his brother. On the contrary, it appears that his presence in Washington will be useful in assisting those of like philosophy to help determine the course of the Johnson administration. By his capacity for work, his independence, and his dedication to public service, I have no doubt that Robert Kennedy will ably and effectively represent the people of New York in the Senate. Likewise, I have no doubt that as a factor in New

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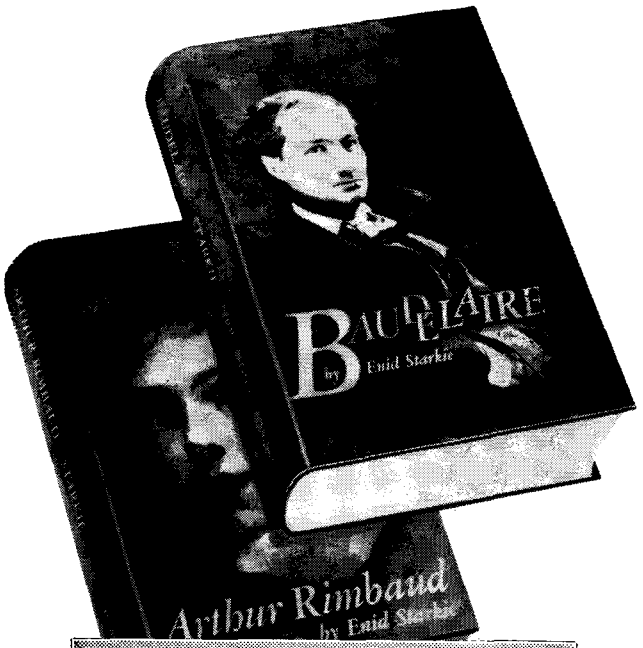

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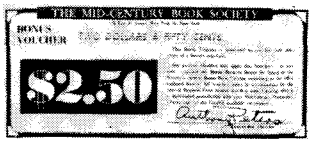

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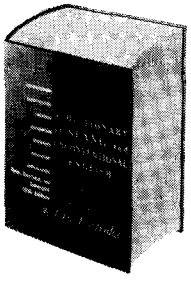
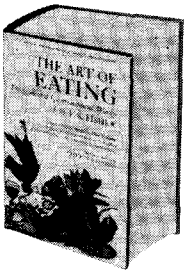

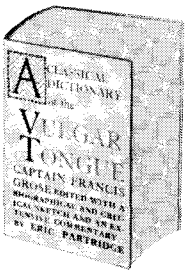

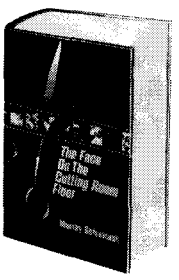

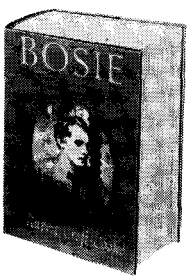

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York politics, Mr. Kennedy will be a strong influence in support of people and programs to which liberals are dedicated.

This leaves the question of the party bosses. We need go back no further than to the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt to see how liberals can use party bosses and not be used by them. FDR had close ties with powerful political bosses in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York who were at least as distasteful as "the bosses" who have supported Robert F. Kennedy. If one has confidence in Mr. Kennedy, as I do, one can expect that Mr. Kennedy will be the wielder and not the wielded. Everything in his career supports this belief.

I may add that while you are mindful of Mr. Kennedy's role in his brother's administration, presumably including the Cuban missile crisis, you must also be mindful of Mr. Keating's role as the purveyor of supposedly secret information from Cuba which was the source of scare headlines and articles.

I am glad Mr. Keating is not actively supporting Barry Goldwater. I am sorry he has not explicitly repudiated him. I hope to be represented in the United States Senate by Robert F. Kennedy.

ROBERT H. HAINES
New York

To the Editor: How satisfying to read your endorsement of Senator Keating. Satisfying, because I've been beyond the pale in the Westchester County Democratic Committee, with its unanimous vote for Robert Kennedy.

Your argument reinforced my rebellious spirit and assured me that I am in good company politically, where good company becomes increasingly mixed company and party loyalty a dangerous bellwether for the victory-hungry flock.

MRS. ARNOLD BELCHETZ
Larchmont, New York

To the Editor: I must praise your refusal to play the mealy-mouthed partisan for Robert Kennedy. It is unfortunate for the moral character and intellectual integrity of the Democratic Party of New York that its consciences, the liberal and reform groups, could not show more rectitude and less political opportunism. It is my fear that this situation in New York will be accepted as an admission of the intellectual bankruptcy of the party in that it must go outside the state to find what it considers a suitable candidate for the high office of U.S. senator. I am sure there are many Democrats who feel that they are being traduced by this action. I know there are also many Democrats in our state who are more intellectually suited by background and experience to satisfy even the most discriminating voter.

The action of the Democratic Party therefore leaves the independent and honest voter no choice but to follow your recommendation.

EDWARD E. FEINSTEIN
Rego Park, New York

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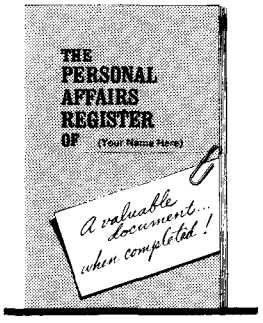

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Interim Reflections

We have now in the Warren Report the first and probably the definitive account of the circumstances surrounding the tragedy of November 22. Many reenactments will follow for years and years to come, for there are infamies to which human conscience cannot possibly be reconciled—the events that led to the Eichmann trial, for instance. Soon novelists, playwrights, and other men adept at various types of artistic expression will start their own reenactments. Each will reawaken a sense of incredulity that a human being could plan and execute such a deed.

The seven good men who conducted the investigation have brought to bear on the facts they assembled all their diligence and patience and powers of reason. Yet doubts cannot possibly be eliminated, for they spring not from reason but from emotion. Who could have been unemotional on that day, or whenever that day is recalled? A crime of that nature does not fit the scales of justice. Ruby's crime is more of the type a court of law can bear, though with considerable difficulty. Had Oswald been tried, literally everybody in this country and abroad, starting with the jurors, would have been an aggrieved party because of the suffering each had borne personally.

What made Oswald's sickly nature turn the way it did was his half-education, his haphazard, unassimilated reading, his mediocrity, and his loneliness. There may be a number of Oswalds in our midst, men we pass in the street and sometimes even meet. It is an unbearable thought. But even without a nationwide police system, we do have Federal agencies whose function it is to keep an eye on those misfits. We would prefer to say no more. But certainly J. Edgar Hoover might have lived up to his reputation better if he had not rushed to place the blame for the inadequate surveillance kept by his agents over Oswald on that perennial whipping boy, the State Department.

—M.A.

Poor Richard's Race

Our nomination for the season's saddest political story is the Senate race in Virginia, where for the first time in eighteen years the Republicans are challenging Senator Harry F. Byrd. The man who has been given this thankless assignment is Richard A. May, a pleasant, Harvard-educated, sixty-eight-year-old cattle farmer, retired businessman, and former government trade official. Byrd, of course, will win big as he always does in a state still considered his fief.

Nonetheless, the contest seemed at first to provide interesting confirmation of Republicanism's spreading strength in the South. It indicated the G.O.P. no longer was content to limit its efforts to carefully chosen races against moderate Democrats, but was now willing to go after Dixie's arch-conservatives. But the assumption soon proved unfounded. And May, for all practical purposes, now finds himself a man without a party.

Not only has May failed to enlist the active support of most G.O.P. leaders in Virginia but he has the active opposition of many of them. His troubles have multiplied since the Republican State Central Committee nominated him to oppose Byrd. Representative Joel T. Broyhill, one of the state's two Republican congressmen, even called the action illegal and threatened to go to court to try to strike May's name from the ballot.

Local party officials are spending thousands of dollars promoting Barry Goldwater, but are largely ignoring May. When May turned up at a Roanoke rally for the state's other

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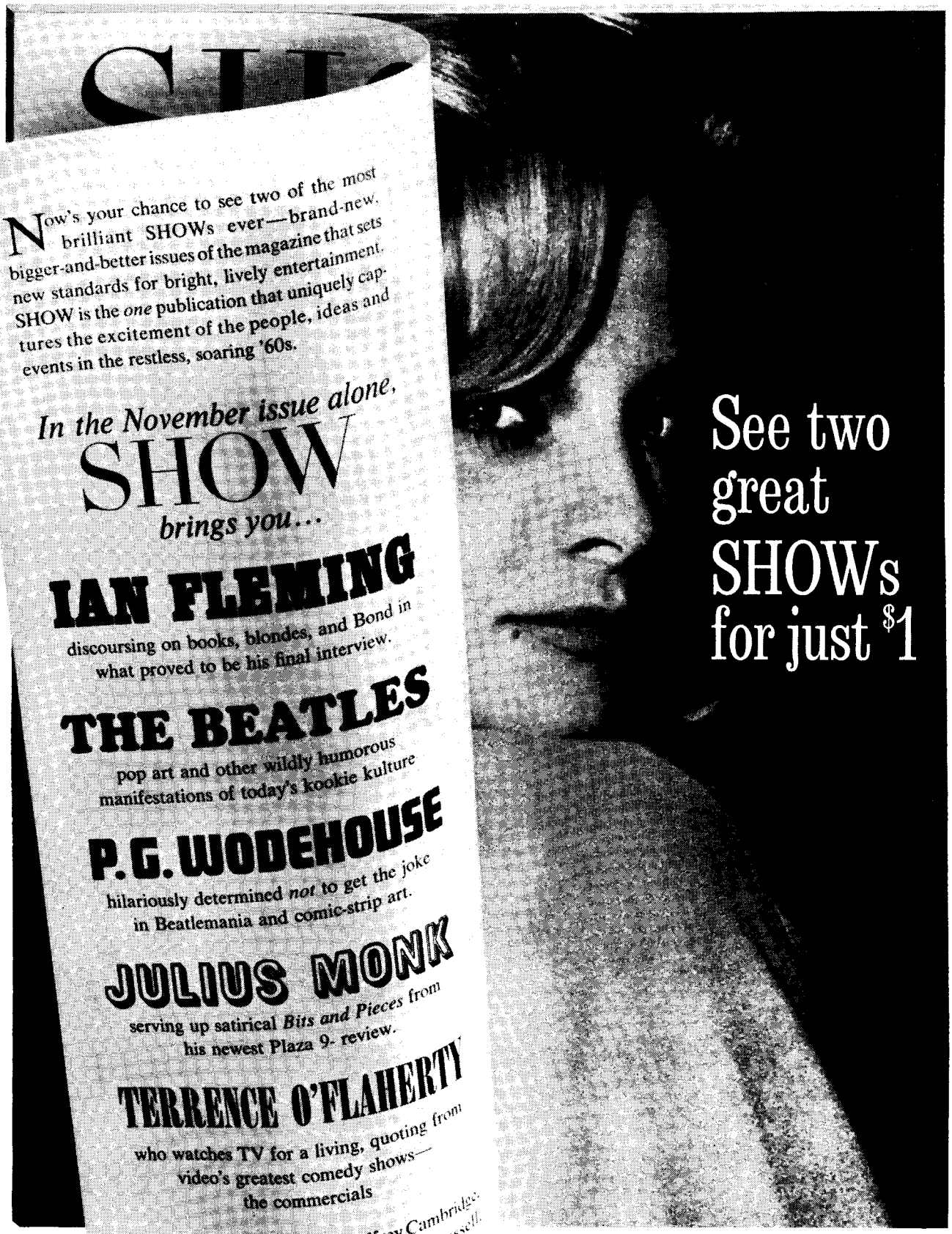

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Republican, Representative Richard H. Poff, he was forced to sit in the audience because no one invited him to share the head table. When the state G.O.P. campaign headquarters was open in Richmond, May was told there was no room for him because the banker who leased the building was a friend of Byrd's and wouldn't tolerate any activity there against him.

There are some practical reasons for much of this sabotage. If the May candidacy is pushed, many Republicans fear Byrd may be angered into doing something he hasn't done since the 1930's—endorse a Democrat for President. Such an endorsement, they say, might be just the thing to bring the Old Dominion back into the Democratic column in November and reverse the state's recent habit of going Republican in Presidential elections.

But the aloofness toward May also has an ideological basis. "Why should we kick in the teeth a man who has been one of the best Republicans in Washington," was the frank admission of one G.O.P. stalwart. The ties that bind Byrd and the Republicans were accented by Strom Thurmond on a swing through Virginia's black belt, where he spent almost as much time praising Byrd as Goldwater.

Despite adversities, May is criss-crossing the state with all the fervor of an Olympic sprinter. He talks optimistically of putting together a coalition of labor, liberal Democrats, Negroes, and loyal Republicans. "With all due conceit," he remarked, "I think I've gained the admiration of many people for the guts I've shown." A cheerful man who bears a marked resemblance to the late Joseph Welch, the lawyer, May's principal campaign theme is that Byrd has been in office too long and his machine has failed to give Virginia progressive government. "Byrd has ruled longer than George III and it's time for a second revolution in this state," he says repeatedly.

Byrd is hardly worried. When we called his office last week to find out how much campaigning the senator would do, we were told he might not do any. "He's too busy harvesting his apple crop to think about politics," an aide explained.

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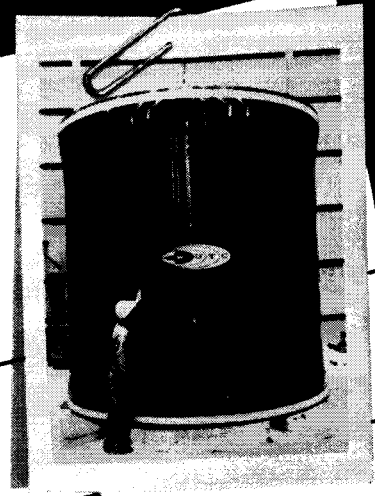

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Letter from an Old Locomotive

SPENCER KLAW

The *Ladies' Home Journal,* to which my wife is a loyal subscriber, is featuring this month some letters from Barry Goldwater to his daughter Joanne described as revealing "a father's hopes for a girl's passage toward womanhood." Since I have daughters of my own who are now negotiating this passage, I turned with interest to the senator's letters. The first one, written when Joanne was twelve, read, in part, as follows:

"DEAREST JOANNE:

"Those beautiful quaking aspens you have seen in the forests as we have driven along have one purpose in life. . . . Those aspens are born and grow just to protect the spruce tree when it is born. As the spruce grows bigger and bigger, the aspens gradually grow old and tired and even die after a while, but the spruce which has had its tender self protected in its childhood grows into one of the forest's most wonderful trees. Now think about Mommy and me as aspens standing there quaking our selfs in the winds that blow, catching the cold snows of life, bearing the hot rays of the sun, all to protect you from those things until you are strong enough and wise enough to do them yourself. We aren't quaking from fear but from the joy of being able to see your life develop. . . .

"Now you stand like the young spruce, a pretty, straight young thing whose head is beginning to peep above the protection of Mommy's and Daddy's watchfulness. . . .

"You can become one of the most beautiful women in this world-wide forest of men and women. It's up to you.

"I love you
"DADDY"

I could read no farther. The tallest of our four young spruces had just gone away to college and I was overcome by a guilty realization that I had let her down badly. Not that I hadn't given her plenty of good advice, but I had failed her metaphorically. I got out my typewriter, determined to make it up to her at once as best I could.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

Have you ever stood by the railroad tracks, watching a freight train go by—first the big, strong locomotive hissing and clanking along the right of way, then a string of assorted freight cars, and finally a faithful red caboose bringing up the rear? Well, up to now in your journey along the Track of Life you have been one of those freight cars; I don't need to add that I am the big, strong locomotive and that your mother is the faithful red caboose.

I know the journey has not always been easy. Often you must have fretted because I went so slowly around curves, or put on my air brakes going downhill. Sometimes, too, you must have felt that the faithful old caboose was holding you back. And I know there have been times when you wanted to take a run to the big city, and have been annoyed when the big, strong locomotive insisted on hauling you off to Pittsfield or North Adams because that's where the waybill said you should go.

Now my little freight car is on her own! Our family train is shorter, and the locomotive and caboose have drawn closer together to comfort one another. Some day you will have a big, strong locomotive of your own, and this is why I am writing you.

In your new life, you will be

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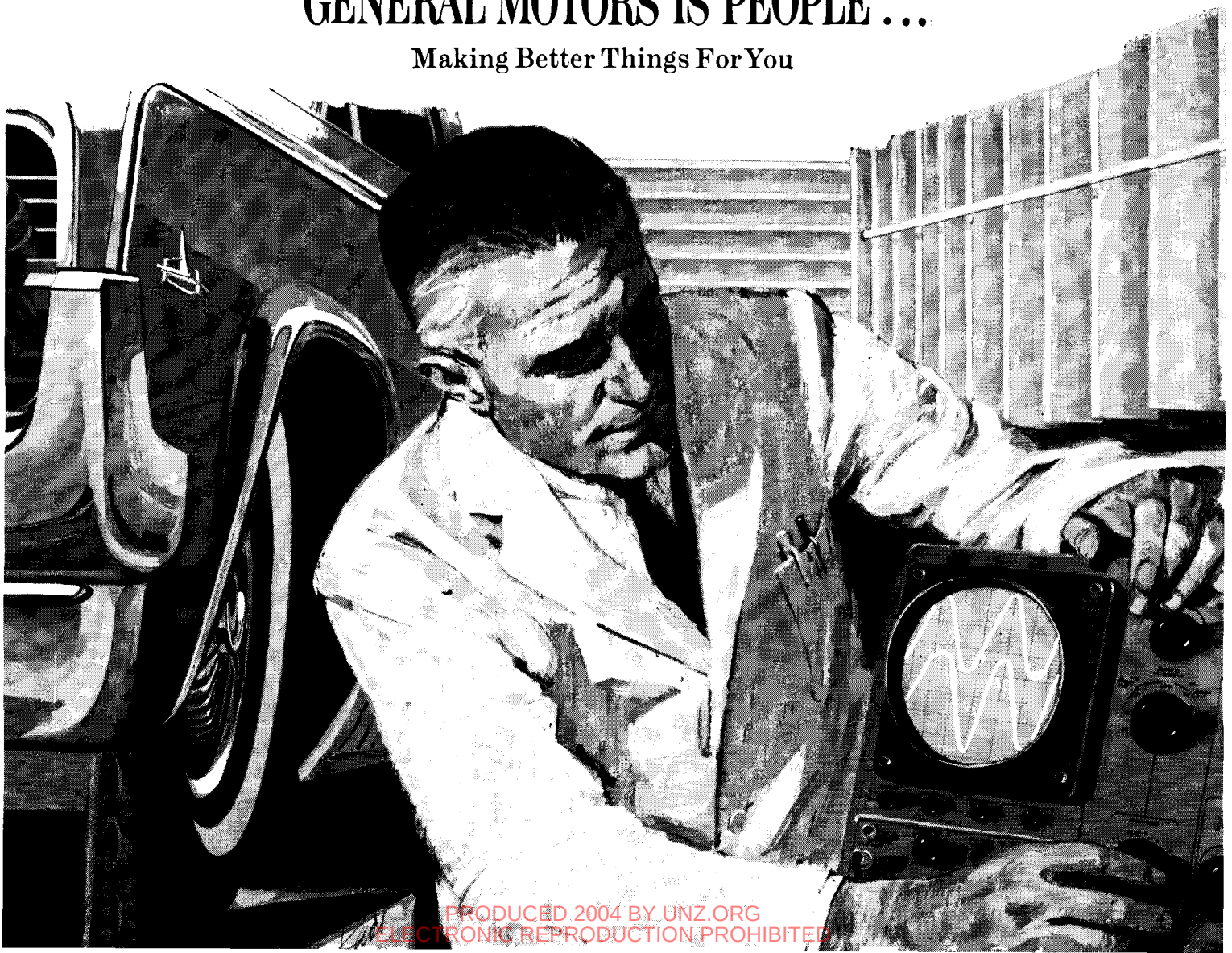

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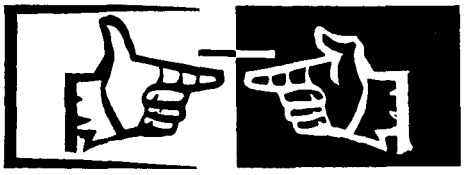

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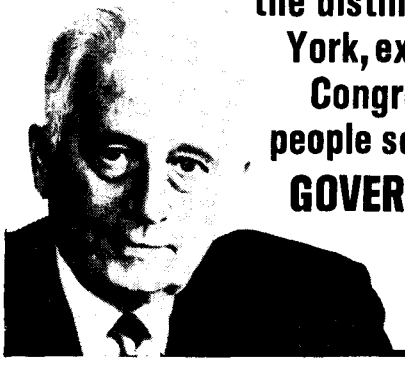

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exposed to many temptations. All sorts of locomotives will be coming around and offering to take you highballing around this great country of ours. But they won't all be serious, not if I know locomotives. Some will be switching engines, all right for a little nudging and bumping around the yards, but not really qualified for the Long Haul of Life. Others will be cynical streamliners who will take you on a fast run, you may be sure, but who don't really want a caboose, and who will abandon you, perhaps with a string of little box cars of your own, on some dreary, weed-grown siding. So before you let yourself be hauled out onto the Main Line of Love, be sure you have found the kind of locomotive you want to stay hooked up to until you are summoned to that Last Great Roundhouse in the Sky.

Just one more thing. I may be an old-fashioned, coal-burning steam locomotive, but I'm no prude. I realize that you have a right to have some fun, and a little innocent bumping around the yards never hurt anybody. But I want you to know something about your mother. When she came to me from the car shops in Poughkeepsie, all fresh and clean and red, I knew that she was not the kind of caboose who had let herself be dragged about here and there by any locomotive who happened along. They just didn't believe in that sort of thing up in Poughkeepsie.

Night is coming on, and as I look back I am comforted by the lights of my faithful old caboose as she rocks along the rails. I miss you, but I know that the same Great Dispatcher who has watched over us for all these years is watching tonight over you, too, my dearest daughter.

Love,
DAD

P.S. I have sent copies of this letter to *McCall's*, *Woman's Day*, and *Railroaders' Review*.

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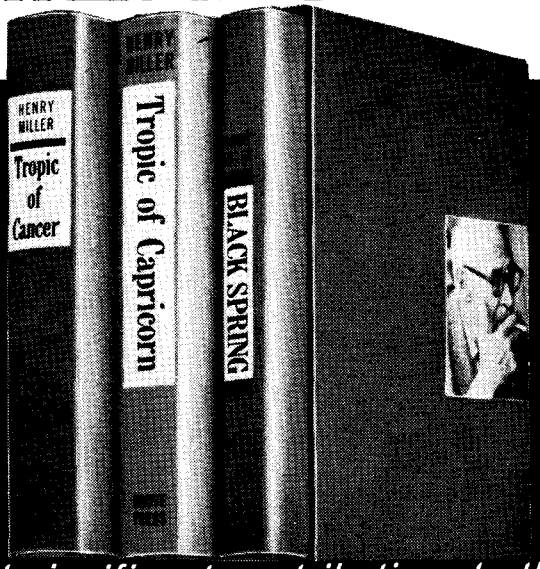

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This Electoral Trauma

ONE OF THE TOO MANY harrowing prospects of this campaign is that once the returns are in, it may be considered as just one more campaign. Should this happen, it would be almost as great a calamity as the President's failure to win the election with an overwhelming majority. We cannot let ourselves forget during the last days of the campaign and thereafter that this seeming Presidential election is, semantic madness aside, a plebiscite where, conservatism having been challenged by anarchism, the citizens are asked to answer "Yes" or "No" to the institutions and the course the nation has followed since it was founded.

In reality, there is only one Presidential candidate, a thoroughly qualified man who is going to be the recipient of a massive protest vote. Even those who have positive reasons to vote for him cannot help sharing the alarm that makes an extraordinarily large and diverse number of people join in the plebiscitarian protest. The more the other man whose name is on the ballot as a Presidential candidate makes himself known, the more widespread becomes the sickening feeling that something has gone quite wrong with American democracy.

Lyndon Johnson deserves much better than a confidence based on the realization that he is not Barry Goldwater. Yet he cannot receive enough of these votes, for no matter how staggering the rejection of Goldwater may turn out to be, the vote for him is bound to be far too large to be dismissed as a passing evidence of national distemper. The fact that the San Francisco convention was conducted and concluded as it was cannot be erased from history, although the whys and hows are still far from being known. The man who was nominated there has been furiously at work deepening the dismay caused by his nomination. Conflicting emotions are swaying the country, and sometimes, when we realize how the world looks at us, a sense of shame.

The President himself is a victim of this situation, for the plebiscite on our institutions cannot possibly define his mandate. It is as if, through some quirk of politics, a President with a long term of office still ahead of him had to conform with the convulsive rituals and the panting rhetoric of electioneering. To make things even more absurd, the man who plays the role of the opposition candidate holds the initiative, uninhibited as he is in raising outlandish issues by his freedom from any chance of victory.

IT WILL ALL END on November 3, or shortly thereafter, some people say; then the nightmare will be over. To those who talk this way, the answer is that absolutely nothing could be further from the truth. Johnson's victory can never be great enough, but if we draw from it a sense of immunity from the wild rampages of the right-wing extremists, then may God help us next time.

Again, this thing is *not* a Presidential contest. It is the latest and gravest recurrence of an old endemic disease, which this time happened to coincide with a Presidential contest. Last time, of course, it was McCarthy. But right-wing anarchism did not then enjoy the opportunity to be colossally magnified and kept in front of the electorate for months as an alternative that they could Constitutionally choose. We all know how high and deep McCarthyism reached, although we shall never know how many innocent lives it wrecked. The security apparatus, with its bureaucratization of petty malevolence, is still with us. But perhaps the greatest harm McCarthyism did was in soiling with its name and its record any serious sustained attempts to ward off the unremitting efforts of Communist infiltration and disruption.

Goldwater has gone infinitely further than McCarthyism. During the campaign, Goldwaterism has besmirched rather than criticized the administration. Its fury has been vented over such a broad range as to attack the basic institutions of our country, not only as they are developing now but in generations past. There has been a queer pyromaniac character in its broadsides of vituperation aimed at Republicans and Democrats, men dead and alive, as if it wanted to destroy the accomplishments of American history. The campaign its leader has conducted has had a weird sacrificial quality, as if to prepare the way for a successor endowed with the hard temper of a natural-born rather than an amiable amateur demagogue.

The emergency, the sense of a most clear and present danger, has drawn people, organizations, and publications of the most different nature to band together and put a stop to the nightmarish frenzy. There is no doubt that the emergency coalition will succeed—this time.

WE ARE DELUDING ourselves if we think the old disease will not break out soon again. Before that happens the honest people who have gone astray must be rescued, the vicious ones who have emerged from the political underworld must be identified, the causes that have made for the near-disaster must be dealt with—causes for which all of us, the Democratic administration not excluded, bear a share of responsibility. It is not too early to start planning and thinking now, before Election Day, so as to be ready to swing into action the morning after.

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Illinois: Bellwether State?

ROBERT BENDINER

CHICAGO

ARRIVING at O'Hare Airport here early in the campaign, Senator Barry Goldwater observed that Illinois was one of the four big states he would have to carry if he was to win, the other three being Ohio, California, and Texas. He would take all four of them, he added in the immemorial way of politicians, and proceeded at once to the Polish-American Museum to munch rye bread and salt and chat about his Polish grandfather, possibly having heard that Chicago was once described as "a suburb of Warsaw."

If the laws of probability are still in good working order, the senator is right about the pivotal importance of Illinois. Not only does it carry twenty-six electoral votes, exceeded only by New York, California, and Pennsylvania, but it dominates the one region of the country outside the South in which Goldwater is thought to have a chance. But as for his peep into the future, at least as far as Illinois is concerned, it appears to be hardly more than what polling people might call the extrapolation of a daydream.

For the political reporter, however, Illinois presents certain advantages as a pre-election study. Not only does it typify the Midwest, but because it is several states in one, it manages peculiarly to typify much of the country. Ethnically, economically, and politically, Chicago is much like any cosmopolis in the East or the Far West. Downstate, a broad central farm belt that is as conservative as it is flat has a heritage of old-time Republicanism occasionally spiced with signs of the new, like a billboard inviting the passing motorist to "Impeach Earl Warren." Farther south, East St. Louis, on the Mississippi, is an unrelieved industrial slum, at least fifty per cent Negro now and the scene in 1917 of one of the worst race riots in the nation's history. Madison and St. Clair Counties, along the river, are as heavily Democratic as Chicago itself, and the rest of the southern third of the state is an odd mixture of small farms, played-out coal fields in an area almost as stricken as Appalachia, and towns of a definitely Southern cast. Easterners might be surprised, as I was, to have it called to their attention that Cairo, at the southern tip of the state, is closer to Mississippi than it is to Chicago.

Sprinkle throughout this long stretch a good number of lesser industrial cities like Rockford and Peoria; bear in mind Chicago's gargantuan outpouring of iron, steel, meat, grain, and manufactures; recall its position as the hub of railroad, airline, and Lakes traffic, as well as money traffic for the entire Midwest; and you have at least a starting idea of the variety of interests that make Illinois a logical case study in these pre-election weeks. It is pertinent that in a hundred years of Presidential elections this state has only twice voted with a loser—Blaine in 1884 and Hughes in 1916—and both races were extremely close. More pertinent, perhaps, the country has chosen the Democratic candidate six out of the last eight tries, and so has Illinois.

Daley Holds the Line

Mindful of the fact that four years ago Nixon lost this state by only a hair, I sought everywhere the answer to one double-barreled question: Where might Goldwater pick up the votes that Nixon failed to get, and did he seem to be holding onto the votes that Nixon drew?

The most obvious place to look for fresh Republican strength was among supposedly disaffected Democrats, the so-called white backlash vote that Goldwater strategists cannot openly invite but feverishly hope to get. Evidences of this Republican asset are readily to be found in the Chicago area or are called to the visitor's attention: the defeat two years ago of a bond issue that included $22 million for urban renewal; the jolting drop in Democratic Mayor Richard J. Daley's plurality from some 467,000 in 1959 to 140,000 in 1963; and to some extent the poll taken by the Chicago *Sun-Times*. In August, Johnson was found, for example, to be running behind John F. Kennedy's 1960 margin in the 12th and 18th Wards, both heavily "ethnic," as current terminology has it, and a check at various mill gates showed the President favored by only 53.8 per cent of the Steelworkers, a sharp falling off from their normal sentiments and clearly reminiscent of the flirtation with Governor Wallace last spring by some of their union brothers in Gary, Indiana.

In other districts like the 12th and 18th in composition, however, Johnson seems to be far ahead, with no visible signs of any effective backlash, and the difference seems to lie in party leadership. Effective Democratic ward committeemen are having no difficulty keeping racial resentments from spilling over into politics. As one veteran observer of local custom explained to me, a party precinct captain has only to approach a dissident homeowner with some such line as this: "Look, Joe, I take care of your garbage, your paving, whatever problems you have, and once in four years I ask you for a favor." As a rule, the point is made and the favor granted. "Daley can hold things in check," said my informant. "He won't let any backlash get out of hand in Chicago."

Possibly it is significant in this connection that the second *Sun-Times* poll, in September, already signaled a recovery of Democratic health in the 18th Ward. It indicated, moreover, about the same sixty-four per cent for the party as Kennedy received in the city as a whole.

Further indication that backlash sentiment is on the wane was directly conveyed to me from two other sources. Some of the Steelworkers, according to John Alesia, an official of their union's Political Action Committee, "were ready for a change when they still thought Romney or Scranton or Rockefeller would get

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the nomination. But when Goldwater got it, the feeling died out fast." Governor Otto Kerner thinks the considerable increase in job openings in the last eighteen months—unemployment in the state is at an all-time low and employment at an all-time high—has "vitiated" the argument of a Negro threat to jobs presently held by whites. "I've heard practically nothing about backlash since the first of the year," he said, "and I would have."

WILLIAM E. MILLER has rashly but entertainingly reduced still further the threat of the backlash. Speaking in nearby South Bend, the Vice-Presidential entry warned that the administration's bill to liberalize immigration quotas for Southern and Eastern Europeans would "open the floodgates" to people who would snatch jobs from good Americans. The very groups where backlash feeling was thought to prevail flooded Republican headquarters and newspapers with letters of protest. For bewildering ineptness, Miller had topped his running mate.

Aside from Chicago, I heard talk of backlash, but it usually seemed to be something somebody thought existed somewhere else. In Chicago, I was told to look in southern Illinois. And when I visited that end of the state, I did hear of goings-on that smacked more of Alabama than of the state whose license plates proclaim it the "Land of Lincoln." I was told of a plan, for instance, to build a wholly unnecessary magistrate's court in Madison so that the nearby lily-white town of Granite City would be spared the necessity of admitting Negro defendants into their City Hall building even for trial. Other informants, however, discounted such episodes as having no bearing on the area's normally Democratic voting pattern and told equally striking stories of interracial understanding. It was in the central part of the state, from Springfield east to Champaign and north to Peoria, they suggested, that the backlash would prove telling.

Apart from the fact that most of this central region is Republican in any case, I can report that at least in the industrial town of Decatur informed citizens scoffed at the prospect of a backlash vote by disgruntled Democrats. Local industry is highly unionized, and the unions are highly integrated. "Backlash among labor voters would be the last thing to look for here," I was told by a member of the Typographers.

True, the John Birch Society is active in the area, with at least enough spirit to spend money on

the full-page advertisement I saw in the Decatur *Herald* setting forth a local doctor's account of "Why I Joined the John Birch Society." But this sort of thing seems to have aroused more embarrassment and curiosity around town than enthusiasm. "I don't know any Democrats for Goldwater and I can't think of any reason why they would be for him around here," I was told by a well-informed newspaperman. The two dailies, both owned by the small but enterprising Lindsay-Schaub chain, have been consistently Republican in Presidential elections since Roosevelt's day, but they show strong signs of leaning the other way this year. They had not yet endorsed a candidate when I was there, but I was pointedly told they were "for most of the things that Goldwater opposes." The county, incidentally, went for Nixon in 1960 and for Senator Dirksen in 1962.

The Shift in the Suburbs

If the Democratic crossover to Goldwater in Illinois turns out to be significant on November 3, the movement must be one of the most subterranean since the early Christians took to the catacombs, while the Republican crossover to Johnson is to be seen, heard, and sensed everywhere in the state. Nowhere is it more in evidence than in the great suburbs of Chicago, where I was to hear repeatedly that Goldwater had become a "controversial" figure among Republicans in the upper-income and upper-cultural reaches. The trend is especially marked in Jewish areas but is by no means confined to them. In the Republican stronghold of Winnetka, Democratic street-corner rallies that in the past attracted forty or fifty people are now drawing crowds of four or five hundred. Where Kennedy got only 22.9 per cent of the vote in Winnetka in 1960, a *Sun-Times* poll in August showed Johnson drawing 42.3 per cent to Goldwater's 57.7.

Figures taken a month later show if anything a deeper conviction in the suburbs that the senator won't do or, worse, that he "would get us into a war." While Evanston, Wilmette, Oak Park, and La Grange are still pro-Republican (any Republican), Johnson will apparently cut into the G.O.P. suburban vote far more deeply than Kennedy did and may even fight Goldwater to a draw.

In good part the suburban shift reflects the feeling of business and industry that things are going too well to chance a transfer of power from the known Johnson, who is considered a stable figure, to one whose unabashed self-contradictions convey an air of vigorous instability. The National Independent Committee for President Johnson and Senator Humphrey, three-quarters of whose members are Republican, has made the point that continuity in management is "conservative in the true sense" if that management is doing a sound job. Illinois' members of the committee include Ben W. Heineman, chairman of the Chicago and North Western Railway, and Joseph L. Block, chairman of Inland Steel. That their views are shared by some of their peers who don't want their names used, especially bankers, is clear from the extreme touchiness with which some Republican officials react to men-

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tion of the group. A Republican committeeman with whom I talked, forgetting for a moment that his party would of course win in November, shrugged off the defection. "We've lost with them so much, I'd like to lose without them for once. Johnson is welcome to every one of them. They've only hindered Republican progress and lost young voters to us because we've been branded the party of big business."

THE *Tribune* is naturally for Goldwater and can be expected to stay that way unless its dream candidate overplays his revised credo that moderation in pursuit of votes is no vice. While the *Tribune's* support of Goldwater will probably neither win nor lose votes for him, the *Daily News* and the *Sun-Times* are another matter. Both these Marshall Field papers are highly influential in the suburbs and both were for Eisenhower twice, against Illinois' own Adlai Stevenson, and for Nixon in 1960. This year the *News* finds that while the Democratic choice "has conducted himself and his office coolly, creditably, and with judgment and courage," Goldwater has been without visible convictions on some issues and on others "has stood in appalling contradiction to common sense and to the consensus of his own, as well as the opposition, party." And while it has had its differences with Humphrey, "beside Miller he stands ten feet tall." The *Sun-Times*, "considering Goldwater's reckless and jingoistic attitude toward the use of nuclear weapons," could not support him "even if his vague and sometimes conflicting domestic policies were susceptible to rationalization." The position of these two papers, I was told by one shrewd Republican observer, "should be worth at least seventy-five thousand votes to the Democrats."

To this list of defections, the Republican Party is similarly prepared to add the forty to fifty thousand Chicago ballots it could have expected as its modest share of the Negro vote if its candidate were almost anyone but Barry Goldwater. It might have done even better than that, because this was the year Chicago's Negroes were all set to teach Mayor Daley a lesson in politics. It was their vote, as much as any other single factor, that had pulled him through in the last mayoralty election, and they had not subsequently felt rewarded with adequate municipal attention to their needs. In fact, they had booed the mayor at a Fourth of July affair last year, much to his chagrin, and among the militants there was talk of boycotting the polls this year.

The choice at San Francisco changed all that and perhaps saved Daley's political life as well. Expectations now are that the Negro vote will be more solidly Democratic than ever before, and energetic efforts are being made to get it out in greater volume than the city has yet known. A registration drive initiated by the NAACP, coordinated by the Maremont Corporation, and drawing on groups from the AFL-CIO to the Junior Chamber of Commerce by way of the Elks, flooded the city for several weeks with buttons, bumper stickers, and posters carrying the theme of "The One-Two Punch: One —Register, Two—Vote." The drive was general, but the potential Negro voter was the prime target. Premium collectors of four large Negro insurance firms were assigned by their employers to collect door-to-door information on their clients' voting eligibility along with their payments, and a typical flier in the campaign showed Negro demonstrators filing past a straining police dog under the caption "Don't Get Mad—Get Smart." The drive was extremely successful, and current predictions are that for the Republicans the Negro vote in November will be a slaughter.

Nostalgia and Scandals

Occasionally closing their eyes to these surface currents running so powerfully in Johnson's favor, Republican party workers talk of mysterious undercurrents that may be moving to Goldwater's rescue. "There is an unrest even in people who are well fed, well clothed, and well housed," one of these hopefuls told me. "They don't talk much about it, but deep down they wonder what was so wrong about the nineteenth century, after all. People used to hear music in the park on a summer evening; now they're afraid to go near the park." I asked whether they thought Goldwater as President could really bring back the golden days they thought they remembered and keep peace in the city streets. "It's not that rational," he replied, and recalling Harding's similar appeal to nostalgia, he wondered whether promising to make the streets safe for women was any more absurd or less appealing than Harding's successful pledge to return the country to "normalcy."

While Harding's name would be invoked only by a connoisseur, one hears more frequent and hopeful Republican talk about Truman, who took California, Illinois, and Ohio by a combined total of less than sixty thousand votes, won in part because of internal politics in those states. In particular it might be argued that he did not win Illinois at all; Dewey lost it. And he lost it because Governor Dwight Green's corrupt administration had overwhelmingly turned the electorate toward the Democrats. In the same way, Kennedy would not have carried Illinois in the close 1960 contest if Governor William G. Stratton's scandal-ridden Republican administration had not given the election to Democrat Otto Kerner, now running for re-election.

Accordingly I looked for factors in Illinois state politics that might serve to put Goldwater across in spite of the strong Johnson tide. The only such factor on the horizon is the Republican candidate for governor, Charles H. Percy, who has conducted so vigorous a campaign and displayed such ambition that everyone assumes his ultimate objective is not Springfield but Washington. But to help Goldwater as Adlai Stevenson helped Truman in 1948 and as Kerner helped Kennedy four years ago, Percy would need the same issue of corruption in the State House, and up to a few days ago he did not have even a hint of it. On the contrary, Kerner's régime was the first without scandal since the days of Henry Horner back in the thirties, a feat so remarkable in Illinois as to win a Democrat plaudits even from the Chicago *Tribune*.

In this otherwise clear sky a cloud has suddenly appeared that has stimulated the already lively hopes of

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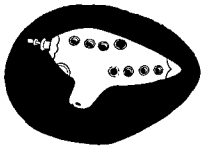
Campaign Trail Hootenanny

WALLACE CARROLL



Where I Stand—Ha Ha!

Where have you been, Barry boy, Barry boy,
Where have you been, Charming Barry?
—Oh, I've been to see the press,
It's the cause of my distress.
I'm a young thing and should not leave my mother.

Did you tell them anything, Barry boy, Barry boy,
Did you tell them anything, Charming Barry?
Yes, I told them everything—
Then denied it on the wing.
I'm a young thing and should not leave my mother.

Did you talk about the bomb, Barry boy, Barry boy,
Did you talk about the bomb, Charming Barry?
—Yes, I said, "I'd drop the bomb"—
What I meant was just napalm.
I'm a young thing and should not leave my mother.

Did you talk of farm supports, Barry boy, Barry boy,
Did you talk of farm supports, Charming Barry?
—Yes, I damned all price supports,
Then I cried, "The press distorts!"
I'm a young thing and should not leave my mother.

Did they ask about John Birch, Barry boy, Barry boy,
Did they ask about John Birch, Charming Barry?
—Yes, I told them, "Well, John Birch,
It's just sorta like a church."
I'm a young thing and should not leave my mother.

And the brink—the dizzy brink—Barry boy, Barry boy,
Did they ask about the brink, Charming Barry?
—"Yes, I'd march straight to the brink—
Then I'd pause a while and think."
I'm a young thing and should not leave my mother.

Is that everything you said, Barry boy, Barry boy,
Is that everything you said, Charming Barry?
—Yes, it's everything I said,
Put an ice pack on my head.
I'm a young thing and should not leave my mother.

Unter den Lyndon

Ist das nicht ein Lyndonbaum?
Ja, das ist ein Lyndonbaum.
Und ein Ranch mit Lebensraum?
—Ja, ein Ranch mit Lebensraum.
Lebensraum, Lyndonbaum—
O du schoenes Lyndonbaum.

Ist das nicht ein Baker-boy?
—Ja, das ist ein Baker-boy.
Ist nicht Lyndon's Preid und Choy?
—Ja, ist Lyndon's Preid und Choy.

Ist das nicht ein hi-fi Set?
—Ja, das ist ein hi-fi Set.
Ist das nicht ein Feil-und-forget?
—ja, das ist ein Feil-und-forget.

Ist das nicht ein TV-sender?
—Ja, das ist ein TV-sender.
Ist das nicht ganz legal Tender?
—Ja, das ist ganz legal Tender.

Ist das nicht die Ladybird?
—Ja, das ist die Ladybird.
Ist das nicht ein shorthorn Herd?
—Ja, das ist ein shorthorn Herd.

Ist das nicht ein White House Schloss?
—Ja, das ist ein White House Schloss.
Ist das nicht unser Lyndon der Gross?
—Ja, das ist unser Lyndon der Gross.

Lyndon der Gross, White House Schloss,
Shorthorn Herd, Ladybird.
Legal Tender, TV-sender,
Feil-und-forget, hi-fi Set,
Preid und Choy, Baker-boy,
Lebensraum, Lyndonbaum—
O du schoenes Lyndonbaum.

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Peeling the Birch

D'ye ken John Birch and the book sae blue?
D'ye ken Rob Welch and his friends sae true?
D'ye ken Rob Welch when he cries, "Go—Skiddoo!"
As he sniffs out the Reds in the morning?

Oh the blast of his horn is the bane of the Reds
And the lash of his scorn is the pain of the Feds,
But his chocolate drops soothe the ladies in Keds
As they quake 'neath their beds in the dawning.

Oh he saved you and me from perfidious Ike,
Eleanor and Harry—they were all Reds alike.
Just see how he stands with his nose in the dike
Where the tide flows so red in the morning.

Too Many Kooks

Kooks wha hae wi' Wallace fled,
Klux wham he has often led,
Put dose sheets back on yo' bed—
De plot's done gang agley!

Lawd! dat's mixin' Scotch an' corn
So early on dis frosty morn.
Gabriel, blow yo' cotton-pickin' horn.
Look away, folks, look away!

Beyond Jericho

Hubert fit the battle of civil rights—
Eighty-three days, eighty-three nights.
Hubert fit the battle of civil rights,
And the walls come tumblin' down.

You can talk 'bout your men from East and West,
You can talk 'bout your men from the South,
But none fit the fight like Hubert fit
Just by flappin' his little ol' mouth.

Now listen . . .
Hubert fit the battle of civil rights—
How many days, how many nights?
Hubert fit the battle of civil rights,
And the walls come tumblin' down.

Oh, the big, big men from the deep, deep South
Stood up on the Senate floor,
And they talked, talked, talked till they sagged at the mouth—
But Hubert just talked some more.

How the wind blew! . . .
Hubert fit the battle of civil rights,
Praise those days, bless those nights . . . etc.

Oh he stood right there in the marble hall,
By his side stood Mike and Lev.
And he said, "Better quit or I'll slay you all
With the jawbone of ol' Ev."

(That's Dirksen) . . .
Hubert fit the battle of civil rights, etc.

Then the quorum bells begin to ring
And the "Ayes" begin to sound,
And Hubert shouted, "Boys, give 'em one more shove."
And the walls come tumblin' down.

Oh the walls tumble down for the girls and boys,
Tumble down for your maw and paw,
But back on the floor that Hubert stands
Still a'flappin' his little ol' jaw.

He did it . . .
Hubert fit the battle of civil rights
Eighty-three days, eighty-three nights.
Hubert fit the battle of civil rights . . .
And the walls
come
tumblin'
down.

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the Percy forces. Theodore J. Isaacs, Kerner's former state director of revenue and until recently his campaign manager, has been asked to appear before a Sangamon County grand jury to explain his connection with a concern, allegedly set up by his law firm after he took office, that did more than a million-dollar business with the state. But while there may be a conflict of interest here, there is no indication of anything comparable to the widespread scandals that rocked the Green and Stratton administrations just before their downfall. The affair is not expected to affect the Presidential race.

Percy's Problems

Indeed, the political question now agitating experts in the state is whether Goldwater will not be more of a drag on Percy and the rest of the ticket than Percy will be a help to Goldwater. The same polls that encouraged the Johnson forces gave Percy a good chance of defeating Kerner, suggesting that Goldwater will lag considerably behind his ticket. Even more indicative of his doubtful hold on his partisans here is the defensiveness with which they react to a charge of being "Goldwater Republicans." Representative Donald Rumsfeld, as a case in point, amassed a voting record in his first term in Congress that Americans for Constitutional Action scored at one hundred per cent and Americans for Democratic Action at zero; yet when his Democratic opponent called him a "Goldwater Republican," his supporters rushed indignant denials to the newspapers as though their man had been charged with an attachment to Mao Tse-tung.

Percy himself plans to have moderates like Governors Romney and Hatfield come into the state in the hope of removing some of the Goldwater aroma that clung to him after he overenthusiastically embraced the Arizonan in the cause of party unity. Beyond accepting a fate he had hitherto tried to avoid, Percy seemed to some in his own party to go much further than necessary in accepting the new order once Goldwater's nomination seemed likely. In San Francisco he avoided voting to condemn extremism and to strengthen the party's civil-rights plank, leaving both those matters to his alternate.

At the same time he is accused of privately playing down his allegiance to the head of his ticket. Governor Kerner, generally the most soft-spoken of men, has been hammering hard at Percy's ambivalence: "Is he a Goldwater candidate where he presumes it helps him and not a Goldwater candidate where he suspects it does not help him? I earnestly believe that each citizen has a right to ask: 'Will the real Charles Harting Percy please stand up?' "

On the other side, the dyed-in-the-wool Goldwater people do not quite trust Percy either. Representative Edward J. Derwinski, the highly conservative Republican who heads the Goldwater campaign in the state, complains that his problem is not with the moderates but with some of his own workers, the "kooks who want to blow the whistle on Percy."

In spite of this pulling and hauling, however, Percy is giving Governor Kerner the kind of battle that should produce a good turnout on Election Day. Both men are engaging, Percy a boyish-looking Alger hero of forty-four who rose from relief to Republicanism and Kerner a stage director's dream of the attractive and incorruptible executive.

The governor's achievements are considerable, though Illinois liberals complain, as liberals will, that his feeling for the public weal is too compromised by fiscal conservatism, mostly because he has not pushed his welfare and education programs to the degree they think he could and should have.

Percy is the more flamboyant campaigner of the two, barnstorming through every inch of the state, often with a high-school band, and making a particular appeal in the suburbs, where his retinue of amateurs and his wholesome manner—he does not smoke, drink, or use language stronger than a Scout leader's—have made him something of an idol. Both candidates have the requisite photogenic families.

That the polls show Kerner running considerably below his 1960 level neither disturbs nor surprises the governor, since he can afford to drop very sharply from that level and still win. "I never fooled myself that all those people voted for me," he says humbly, more than half suggesting that it's Johnson who will save the whole ticket.

The Old Guard Never Surrenders

Should the election turn out that way, the Illinois Republican Party will be in no worse shape than it was following the Kennedy-Kerner victory four years ago, and hardly different in character. Some analysts have suggested that, win or lose, the Goldwaterites and Birchers will have got a grip on Republican party machinery, and that this rather than the White House has been their true objective for 1964. While this is probably the case in some states, especially in the South and Far West, it is hardly true of Illinois. Goldwater's important backing here is from the regular party organization, which had no trouble swallowing what, for lack of a better word, might be called his ideology. The party has long been in the hands of Old Guardsmen, none of whom owe their eminence to the senator from Arizona, and if he goes down to drastic defeat they will have no trouble forgetting him. On the contrary, one county committeeman made it clear, it might be a relief to

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be rid of "some of these nutsy folks" he has attracted. It was plain he was not concerned with ideas but was speaking strictly as a pro about amateurs. "We'll pick up the pieces," he said almost eagerly. "I've been through this before, you know, and enthusiasm dies out fast."

By the same token, if Percy survives a Johnson landslide, I gathered that there would be no great shakeup in the state's Republican Party. As a practical matter the local machines would have to go along with their new governor. Percy himself, as one of his supporters put it, would automatically be considered a Presidential possibility for 1968 and would "therefore try to keep everyone with him" rather than attempt a drastic housecleaning. The National Committee, my informant thought, might be in the hands of Goldwater men and something of a "nuisance" for four years, but the real power in the party would rest with the moderate Republican governors of powerful states—Rockefeller of New York, Rhodes of Ohio, Scranton of Pennsylvania—and, he hoped, Percy of Illinois.

In short, Illinois is not seething with a war of ideas. Sitting in a good restaurant, one can occasionally hear well-dressed Goldwater devotees talking vociferously about "dictatorship" and "totalitarianism," much as Communists talked in Manhattan cafeterias thirty years ago. But like that proletarian revolution without much of the proletariat, theirs is so far a bourgeois revolution without much of the bourgeoisie.

For the run of professional Republican politicians in the state, the campaign of 1964 will have its reward whether the party wins or loses, but the reward has little to do with Senator Goldwater. "This is a Taft state," one of them explained at length. "Republicans here have never forgiven what the Easterners did to Taft in 1952, especially the charge that he stole votes at the convention." This year's nomination has been their revenge on the East, and "Goldwater just the bludgeon to beat those who tarnished our hero." Whether the bludgeon is sent to Washington or beaten into a plowshare, a segment of the Republican Party already feels avenged and relieved.

California: A Wild Card In the Deck

JOSEPH LEWIS

THE PASSION of California's voters, highly volatile in the quietest of times, has been roused to an unwonted pitch this fall by the presence on the ballot of an amendment to the state constitution designed to nullify the state's fair-housing laws and establish racial discrimination as a property owner's "right." The state is even more sharply split over this initiative, labeled Proposition 14, than it was in 1958 when a proposed right-to-work law was rejected after a heated campaign. Moreover, the campaign in behalf of Proposition 14 has become inextricably involved with Barry Goldwater's chances of carrying California.

Naturally, the amendment does not specifically mention racial discrimination. The emphasis is all on property rights, and the key paragraph declares: "Neither the state nor any subdivision or agency thereof shall deny, limit or abridge, directly or indirectly, the right of any person, who is willing or desires to sell, lease or rent any part or all of his real property, to decline to sell, lease or rent such property to such person or persons as he, in his absolute discretion, chooses." All this sounds so reasonable that 59.3 per cent of the Negroes questioned in one poll were for it—until the implications were explained. Proposition 14 would not only wipe out the significant portions of California's fair-housing legislation—the Rumford Fair Housing Act of 1963 and two earlier laws, the 1959 Hawkins and Unruh Acts; it would also prohibit any local, county, or state body from adopting any new laws on this subject. Because of its flagrant contradiction of Federal law, it would place in legal jeopardy over $237 million in Federal urban-renewal funds already allocated for California projects. And it would write into the state constitution a virtual guarantee of immunity for anyone who practices or advocates discrimination in the sale or rental of property. Not even Mississippi has such a law.

Actually, the California fight is the first step in a nationwide campaign to wipe out all fair-housing laws currently being waged by the National Association of Real Estate Boards, which has established a $100,000 line of credit for the California realtors—with more promised if needed. In the last seven years, thirteen states and twelve cities have adopted anti-discrimination laws to cover private housing, and four other states and approximately fifty cities have measures that apply to publicly assisted housing. Government interference with property rights in defense of human rights has thus become an issue on which conservatives and racists can make common cause on a national basis with homeowners in both parties who are worried about their property values.

Freedom, They Call It

Since the days of Hiram Johnson, all it takes to tinker with California's constitution is a simple majority of the voters. Thus constitution-changing has become a favored technique for a variety of special-interest groups ranging from railroads to lottery promoters. It is said that with $2 million and a good public-relations campaign, you can do just about anything you want with the state constitution.

Proposition 14 was put on the ballot by the collection of 633,206 certified signatures, 160,000 more than the number required for an initiative, largely through the efforts of the California Real Estate Association. The forty thousand members of CREA have long been on the side of lily-white neighborhoods and restrictive covenants. ("We are not going to be a party to the salt and peppering of the whole community," a past president of CREA testified

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Are your competitors here? Your customers? Your suppliers? 57 of America's 500 largest industrial firms are here (see ★). Should your firm be here, too? For facts, clip coupon at right.

Firm	No. of Plants
Chemicals & Allied Industries	
American Sealants	1
Brattan Co., Inc.	1
Cambridge Chemical Co.	1
Charms Co.	1
Chase Chemical	1
★ **Colgate Palmolive**	2
Diversey Corp.	1
Elleo Associates	1
Endo Laboratories	1
Germaine Monteil Cosmetiques Corp.	1
★ **Glidden Co.**	2
Gravi Laboratories	1
Gretsco Dyes & Chemicals, Inc.	1
Marson Corp.	1
Morton Salt Co.	1
★ **Parke, Davis & Co.**	2
Reichhold Chemicals, Inc.	1
★ **Sherwin-Williams Co.**	1
★ **Sterling Drug, Inc.**	1
Stiefel Laboratories	1
Testor Corp.	3
★ **Union Carbide**	2
Universal Nutritions, Inc.	1
Vineland Chemical	1
★ **W. R. Grace & Co.**	1
★ **Warner-Lambert Pharmaceuticals, Inc.**	2
Zimak Biochemicals	1
Electrical Machinery Equipment & Supplies	
A.M.P. Inc.	1
★ **Allied Paper Corp.**	2
B&H Instruments Co., Inc	1
Barridon Corp.	1
Beacon Electrical Co.	1
Bruce Diamond Corp.	1
Caribe Electric Battery Corp.	1
Clairex Corp.	1
Curtis Mathes Mfg. Corp.	6
Daystrom, Inc.	1
Electronics Corp.	1
Electrospace Corp.	1
★ **General Electric Co.**	6
Gibson Electric Co. (Talon, Inc.)	1
Guardian Electric Mfg. Co.	2
H. C. Wescott Assoc.	1
Hamlin, Inc.	1
Hansen Mfg.	1
Howard Industries	1
Howell Instruments, Inc.	1
Iona Mfg. Co.	1
Industrial Instruments, Inc.	1
International Electronics Co., Ltd.	1
International Resistance Co., Inc.	1
★ **International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.**	1
Interstate Engineering Corp.	1
Kelvin Electric Co.	2
Kelvinator International Corp.	1
MacLachlan & Assoc.	1
Marbrook Corp. of Delaware	1
Mel Rain Corp.	2
★ **Midland-Ross Corp.**	1
National Video Corp.	2
North American Seal Corp.	1
Phillips Eckhart Corp.	1
Potter Instruments, Inc.	2
Pulse Engineering, Inc.	1
R. E. Phelon Corp., Inc.	2
Rapid Electric Co., Inc.	3
Remington Record Syndicate, Inc.	1
Ren Mfg.	1
Robeson T.V.	1
Rollan Electric Co.	1
Sprague Electric Co.	2
★ **Sperry Rand**	1
★ **Sunbeam Corp.**	3
T.O.D. Mfg. Corp.	1
The Tenna Mfg. Co.	3
Weller Electric Co.	2
Yola International, Ltd.	1
Yolatron, Inc.	1
Zinsco Electrical Products, Inc.	4
Fabricated Metal Products, except Ordnance, Machinery & Transportation	
★ **Aluminum Anodizing Corp. of America**	1
★ **American Can Co.**	2
American Terrazzo Strip Co., Inc.	1
Arrow Louver & Damper Corp.	1
Bostitch, Inc.	1
Burkhart Brothers, Inc.	1
Casa International, Inc.	1
★ **Continental Can Co.**	1
Dodge, Inc.	2
E.Z. Sew Enterprises, Inc.	1
Empire Slip-On Hook Corp.	1
Enterprise Metal Products	1
Grand Rapids Hardware	1
Hi-Shear Rivet Tool Co.	1
Jack Cooper Transport & John H. Craemer	2
New Haven Screw Machine Products	1
Pastushin Aviation Corp.	1
Potter Instruments	1
Prescolite Mfg. Corp.	1
Purdy Door Operator Corp.	1
Rite Engineering & Mfg. Corp.	1
Solo Products Co.	1
Sprayer & Nozzels, Inc.	1
Style-Rite Corp. of America	1
Sylgab Steel & Wire Corp.	1
T.O.D. Mfg. Corp.	1
The Union Malleable Co.	1
Trophy Craft, Inc.	1
Wire Novelty Mfg. Co.	1
Food & Kindred Products	
★ **Beatrice Foods**	1
★ **Borden**	1
★ **California Packing Corp.**	1
★ **Central Soya, Inc.**	1
Farmers' Rice Growers Assoc.	1
Filler Products, Inc.	1
Ford Gum & Machine Co., Inc.	1
Fuchs Baking Co.	2
★ **General Foods**	1
Gnome Bakers, Inc.	1
Grosjean Rice Milling Co.	1
Howard B. Stark Co.	2
★ **H. J. Heinz & Co. (Star-Kist)**	1
International Basic Economy Corp.	1
★ **Kern Food Products**	2
★ **Libby, McNeill & Libby**	2
Maryland Mills, Inc.	1
★ **National Biscuit**	1
Nebraska Consolidated Mills Co.	1
Palmar Food Specialty Corp.	1
Parlier Products Co.	2
Peter Pan Seafood Co.	1
Prosser Industries	1
★ **Ralston Purina Co.**	1
Rice Growers Assoc. *of Calif.*	1
★ **Seagrams, Inc.**	1
★ **Stokely-Van Camp**	1
Unanue & Sons (Goya)	1
Furniture & Fixtures	
Capitol Store Fixtures	1
Challenger Steel Products	1
Munday Cooper Co.	1
No-Sag Spring Co.	1
★ **Simmons**	1
Leather & Leather Products	
A. Lowengart & Co.	5
A&L Seamon & Co.	1
Amity Leather Products, Inc.	1
Andrew Geller, Inc.	1
Aristocrat Leather Products	4
Artistic Leather Goods Mfg. Co.	2
Baronet Leather Goods, Inc.	6
Belle Moc. Shoe Corp.	2
Bowcraft Trimming Co.	1
Dexter Shoe Co.	1
Evy Footwear Co., Inc.	2
Hickock Mfg. Co.	2
Illinois Glove Co.	1
★ **International Shoe Corp.**	6
Melody Shoe Corp.	2
Nash, Inc.	3
R. G. Barry Corp.	3
Rawlings Mfg.	1
Ross Shoes, Inc.	1
Sommers Plastic Products Co., Inc.	1
Sportswelt Shoe Co.	1
Steinberg Brothers, Inc.	2
Sudbury Footwear, Inc.	1
★ **U.S. Shoe Corp.**	4
Utrilon Corp.	1
Wellco Shoe Corp.	1
Machinery, Except Electrical	
Ajax Industrial Supplies	1
Boben Mfg. Corp.	1
Craft Tool Inc.	1
Defiance Machine & Tool Mfg. Co.	1
Fogel Refrigerator Co.	1
★ **Ford Motor Co.**	1
Hoosier Wire Die	1
Mayflower Packaging Co., Inc.	1
Metal Removal Co., Inc.	1
Rex Industries, Inc.	1
S. Klein Die Cutting, Inc.	1
The National Key Co.	1
Thompson Machinery Co.	1
United Greenfield Corp.	1
★ **United Shoe Machinery Corp.**	1
Paper & Allied Products	
Benner-Box, Inc.	1
Diener Enterprises	1
★ **International Paper Co.**	3
★ **Johnson & Johnson**	1
★ **Kimberly-Clark**	1
Lewis Business Forms, Inc.	1
Polymer International	1
Resolute Paper Co.	1

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Firm	No. of Plants
Smith & Kanzler	1
Solo Cup Company	1
★ **Union Bag Co.**	**1**
U.S. Paper Bag Co.	1
Vanity Fair Sales Corp.	1
Petroleum Refining and Other Related Industries	
★ **Commonwealth Oil Refining Co., Inc.**	**2**
★ **Gulf Oil Corp.**	**1**
★ ***Shell Petroleum***	**2**
Primary Metal Industry	
Bada Company	1
Continental Copper & Steel Industries	1
Phelon Co.	1
★ **Phelps Dodge**	**2**
Products Engineering & Mfg.	1
Rich Mfg. Co.	1
Standard Steel & Wire Co.	2
Printing, Publishing & Allied Industries	
Consolidated Engravers	1
★ **Cowles Magazine & Broadcasting, Inc.**	**1**
Home Master Publications	2
Keith-Clark, Inc.	1
Professional, Scientific and Controlling Instruments, Phonographic and Optical Goods, Watches and Clocks	
Airmate Co.	1
Baxter Laboratories	4
Becton, Dickinson & Co.	2
Dentist's Supply Co. of N. Y.	1
Eastern Watch Co.	1
Eisele & Co.	1
Endevco Corp.	1
Freeman Mfg. Co.	2
Goldberg Brothers	1
International Film Industries	1
Northeastern Surgical Sales, Inc.	1
Paulis Silk Co.	1
Southwestern Industries	1
Statham Instruments, Inc.	3
The Lufkin Rule Co.	1
Timex, Ltd.	1
Univis, Inc.	1
Val-Ul Air Products, Inc.	1
Vista Lens Corp.	1
Rubber & Miscellaneous Plastic Products	
Acro Crown Cup Corp.	1
American Kleer-Vu Plastics	2
Amplast, Inc.	1
★ **B. F. Goodrich**	**2**
Baines Hind Laboratories	2
Comfort Slippers Corp.	3
Connolly Foam Corp.	1
Converse Rubber Co.	2
Dean Rubber Co.	1
Harrison Products Corp.	2
Miraplas Tiles Co.	2
Missouri Wood Heel Co.	2
Stanley Rudman & Assoc.	1
★ **U. S. Rubber Co.**	**1**
Stone, Clay & Glass Products	
★ **Carborundum Co.**	**2**
Concrete Thermal Casting, Inc.	1
Exact Level & Tool Mfg. Co.	1
George J. Santry	1
★ **International Pipe and Ceramics Corp.**	**1**
Mansol Ceramics & Co.	1
Simplex Precast, Inc.	1
Sterling China Co.	1
Valley Tool, Inc.	1
Vermiculite Contractors, Inc.	1

Firm	No. of Plants
Textile Products	
A. Bunasano	1
Ace Bag & Burlap Co.	1
Air Baby, Inc.	1
Angus Mfg. Co.	2
Annin & Co.	1
Ansonia Mills, Inc.	1
Applique, Inc.	2
Art Textiles	1
Bali Brassiere & Co.	2
Baylis Brothers Co.	1
Beau Bra Foundations	2
★ **Beaunit Mills, Inc.**	**1**
Belle Maid Foundations	1
Belleclaire Novelty, Inc.	1
Bestform Foundations	3
Biflex Foundations	2
Bobbie Brooks, Inc.	2
★ **Burlington Industries**	**1**
B.V.D. Corp.	5
Cadillac Coverall Co.	1
Canterbury Belt, Ltd.	1
Capitol Ornaments	1
Carnival Creations, Inc.	1
Carol Anne Lingerie Corp.	1
Carter Industrial Laundry	1
Character Foundations, Inc.	3
Chelsea Lingerie, Inc.	1
Chevett, Inc.	2
Clayton Supply, Inc.	2
Colfax Industries, Inc.	2
Colonial Corp. of America	2
Contessa Lingerie, Inc.	1
Cooper Textile Mills	1
Coyne Industrial Supply	1
Crescendoe Gloves, Inc.	1
Dauray Textiles	1
DeLuxe Girdlecraft	1
Delightform Mfg. Corp.	2
Designer's Knitting Mills	1
Designer's Workroom, Inc.	1
Detroit Overall Mfg. Co.	1
Dorset Embroidery	1
Eastern States Wool Corp.	1
Edwin Balder Assoc.	2
Exquisite Form Brassiere	8
Fabrini Imports	1
Famous Cotton	1
Felco Athletic Co., Inc.	1
Fetzger, Inc.	1
Fiesta Model Wear, Inc.	1
Figure Builder Foundations	1
Flora Mfg.	1
Fordham-Bardell Shirt Co.	1
Forever Yours	1
Fownes Brothers Co.	3
Fuhram-Levitt, Inc.	1
Gelmart Knitting Mills	3
Gem Lingerie	1
Goodline Sportswear, Inc.	1
Grandoe Glove Corp.	1
Greystone Knitwear	3
Griffin Garment Co.	1
Gutman-Lahn Glove Co.	2
Harwood Mfg. Corp.	4
Herman Hollander, Inc.	1
J. J. Dorfman	1
India Textile Assoc., Ltd.	1
International Stretch Products	1
J. A. Garcia	2
Jacobs Brothers, Inc.	1
Jantzen, Inc.	1
Jeffries Processors, Inc.	1
K&A (Elizabeth Kugelman)	1
★ **Kayser-Roth Corp.**	**8**
Kulin Waste Products	1
L&W Brassiere Co.	2
Lady Marlene Bras	4
Lady Suzanne Foundations, Inc.	1
Lambert Products, Inc.	2
Langston Bag Co.	1
Lassie Togs, Inc.	2
Lebanon Shoulder Strap Co.	1
Lido Foundations, Inc.	1
Lifetime Lingerie	1
Lillybelle Brassiere Co., Inc.	1
Lilyette Brassiere Co., Inc.	2

Firm	No. of Plants
Lovable Company	5
Loyal Novelty Co.	2
Lucien Pinet Upholstery	1
M. Hoffman & Co.	1
M.K.M. Hosiery & Knitting Mills	8
M. Sherman & Co.	1
Maid-Rite Novelty Corp.	3
Maidenform Brassiere Co.	14
Manhattan Shirt Co.	1
Max H. Kahn Curtain Corp.	1
McKenzie Pajama Corp.	1
Melody Bra & Girdle Co.	1
Messing Knitwear Co., Inc.	1
Miller Dress Factory	1
M'Lady Sportswear	1
★ **Mohasco Industries**	**1**
Movie Star, Inc.	3
Nan Flower Lingerie	1
National Industrial Laundries, Inc.	2
Nylon Undies	3
P&L Embroidery	1
Panoramic Trading Mfg.	1
Paragon Art & Linen	1
Penn Products, Inc.	1
Perfect Brassiere Co., Inc.	5
Perry Lingerie Co.	1
Peter Pan Mfg. Co.	5
Picardy Mills, Inc.	2
Plaza Mills, Inc.	2
Premier Gloves	1
R.E.A. Coverall Laundry	1
Reliance International Corp.	1
Rhodia, Inc.	1
Ritefit Mfg. Co.	1
Robert Reis & Co.	1
Rosenau Brothers, Inc.	1
Rugrofters, Inc.	1
S&R Infants Wear	1
Sagner Sons, Inc.	1
Secret Charm	1
Seymour Frankl	1
Sidney Gould, Ltd.	1
Sokres, Inc.	2
Sonjay Mills	2
Spirite Mfg. Co.	1
Splendor Form Co.	4
Sportswear Hosiery Mills	1
Star Overall Uniforms Mfg. Corp.	1
Star Union Pajama (Pajama Corp. of Tenn.)	1
★ **Stanley-Warner**	**3**
Stein Uniforms	2
Super Form Brassiere Co., Inc.	1
Tech-Aero Foam Products	1
Tennessee Knitting Mills	3
Textile Bag & Specialty	1
The French Worsted Co.	2
Threads, Inc.	1
Tiny Town Togs	2
Top Form Mills	1
Toscony	1
United Cellular Products	1
United Covering Corp.	2
Universal Elastic Corp.	1
V&D Machine Embroidery	1

Firm	No. of Plants
Van Raalte	7
Veaumont Specialty	1
Vogue Bridals	1
W. R. Fromm Corp.	1
Warner Brothers	2
Wear Rite Brassiere Mfg. Co., Inc.	1
Wilker Brothers	1
William Gluckin	5
Wolfe & Victor Novelties	2
Wonderknit Corp. (Bluemont)	1
York Glove Mills	1
Youthcraft Creations	3
Tobacco Manufacturers	
Bayuk Cigars, Inc.	1
Blackstone Cigar	1
★ **Consolidated Cigar Corp.**	**8**
D.W.G. Cigar Corp.	2
General Cigar Co., Inc.	2
Hartman Tobacco Co. of P.R.	2
Miscellaneous	
Allan Mfg. Co.	2
★ **American Hardware**	**1**
Booth Leasing Corp.	1
Brumberger Co., Inc.	2
★ **Brunswick Corp.**	**2**
D. Arnold Assoc.	1
Delta Brush Mfg. Corp.	2
DeLuxe Reading Corp.	1
Dirilyte Co. of America	1
Drackett Company	1
Elmer Handicaps, Inc.	1
Empire Brush Corp.	1
Evans Rule Co.	2
Fidalgo Sales Co.	1
H. Goodman & Sons, Inc.	1
Hayman & Lindberg	1
Henry Gonzales	1
Huisman Brothers	1
Ideal Mfg. Co., Inc.	1
International Swimming Pool Corp.	1
J. DeBeer & Sons	1
Joseph Markowitz, Inc.	1
L.M.D. Jewelry Mfg. Co.	1
Lazare-Kaplan & Sons	1
Linochine Products Corp.	1
Margolis Setting Corp.	1
Monogram Precision Instruments	1
Perrygraph Corp.	1
Playmaster, Inc.	1
★ **Philadelphia & Reading Corp.**	**2**
Robert Berwald & Assoc.	1
Royal Bead Novelty Co., Inc.	1
Sani-Smoke, Inc.	1
Scandia Silver Co.	1
Scolding Locks Corp.	1
Sobel Brothers, Inc.	1
Solo Products Corp.	3
Tober Baseball Mfg. Co.	1
Valencia Jewelry, Inc.	1
★ **Wilson**	**1**
Winsted Steel Balls Sales Corp.	1

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before a legislative committee in 1961.) Recently, however, the organization has stated its position more positively in terms of "freedom"—freedom, absolute and unhindered, to rent or to sell as one chooses. This is a powerful argument in California. The flood of postwar immigration from other states has created hundreds of new communities each year; the urban population is in chronic flux, with a brisk turnover in housing and neighborhoods changing almost overnight. To many homeowners, all housing legislation has come to be symbolized by an impersonal authority that bulldozes homes for new freeways, acquires property through eminent domain, and wipes out neighborhoods in the name of urban renewal.

When the state legislature passed the Rumford Act over a year ago, CREA and other industry groups, such as the Committee for Home Protection, began a campaign to repeal the law. The act has been characterized as a police-state intrusion into the lives of private individuals, as a political club that can be used to compel property owners to rent or sell to undesirables. Pamphlets, often printed in red, white, and blue and illustrated with flags and pictures of happy white American families outside middle-class homes, are replete with references to "freedom of choice" and "property rights." One piece of such literature called the act "basically Communist inspired." The Real Estate Association has joined with other groups, chiefly apartment-house owners and builders, to raise a war chest of perhaps $2 million. They have organized a five-hundred-member speakers' bureau and have plastered the state with billboards and bumper stickers. And they are planning a blitz on radio, television, in the newspapers, and by letter in the last days before the election.

OPPOSITION to the amendment would certainly seem formidable. It is led by the state AFL-CIO church groups, the PTA, the League of Women Voters, the leadership of the majority Democratic Party, the California Teachers Association, and even the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. The state Bar Association, which rarely declares itself on such issues, is also against the initiative. Hollywood celebrities have been enlisted to make television appeals, and the campaign, which is expected to cost $750,000 and could go over a million, is abustle with rallies and fund-raising cocktail parties. But the leaders cannot be at all sure how many followers they will have on November 3, so deeply does the emotional intensity of this issue cut across political, religious, and economic lines.

In general, conservative Republicans will vote for the amendment and liberal Democrats against it; beyond that, party lines are confused. Many rural Democrats in Central and Southern California as well as low-income city Democrats on the periphery of Negro housing expansion are for it, but many Republicans in the northern part of the state may be expected to oppose it. Governor Brown and Senator Salinger have opposed the amendment, but no one of equal stature on the Republican side has endorsed it. Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel has been busy elsewhere. George Murphy, the Republican candidate for Salinger's recently acquired Senate seat, has stated that he will not speak out on Proposition 14 "because it is not a partisan issue." Nevertheless, until mid-September most cars displaying Goldwater stickers also sported "Yes on 14" stickers. But Goldwater headquarters passed the word around: if you are showing a Goldwater bumper sticker, don't display a "Yes on 14" sticker. Since then there has been a considerable drop in "Yes on 14" stickers.

Although Goldwater himself has declined to tie his campaign directly to Proposition 14, as some of his most ardent supporters wish, he clearly does allow them to make the most of the issue. Nolan Frizzelle, president of the California Republican Assembly, which voted overwhelmingly in support of the amendment, has declared: "The essence of freedom is the right to discriminate. Discrimination means free choice. In socialist countries, they always take away this right in order to complete their takeover." And the state's Young Republican organization has also endorsed Proposition 14. Robert Gaston, a former president of the group and now a member of its board of directors, urged support in these words: "Negroes are not accepted because they haven't made themselves acceptable." Moreover, the official committee set up to defeat the amendment,

An out-of-state visitor overhearing a political discussion in a bar might conclude that California's lily-white suburbs are about to be inundated by Negroes. Actually, Negroes make up only six per cent of California's eighteen million population, are spread more or less evenly throughout the state, and comprise only about two to three per cent of the housing market. There are, of course, West Coast Harlems in Los Angeles, Oakland, and San Francisco. Negro real-estate dealers are barred from the multiple-listing services of the California Real Estate Association, while white realtors are making good profits renting in urban Negro sections. Professional-class Negroes report great difficulty finding housing in the suburbs.

By Election Day, the Rumford Act, which was designed to correct some of these conditions and which would be repealed by Proposition 14, will have been in effect for more than a year. Together with other legislation, it prohibits racial or religious discrimination in the sale or rental of some seventy per cent of the state's housing, with the principal exception of privately financed single-family homes and duplexes. It has scarcely proved to be the beginning of totalitarianism in California. Of the some 200 complaints filed, the majority of the cases decided were settled by negotiation; only three have reached the public-hearing stage under the enforcement provisions of the Rumford Act.

According to Mrs. Carmen H. Warschaw, chairman of the commission that administers the law, "Fears in some quarters that there would be a rush of Negroes and other minorities to formerly restricted neighborhoods, or a flood of unfounded complaints under the Fair Housing law have turned out to be quite mistaken. The existence of the non-discrimination law and increased community awareness of human rights and human needs in the long run will end the shocking inequities of today's housing market."

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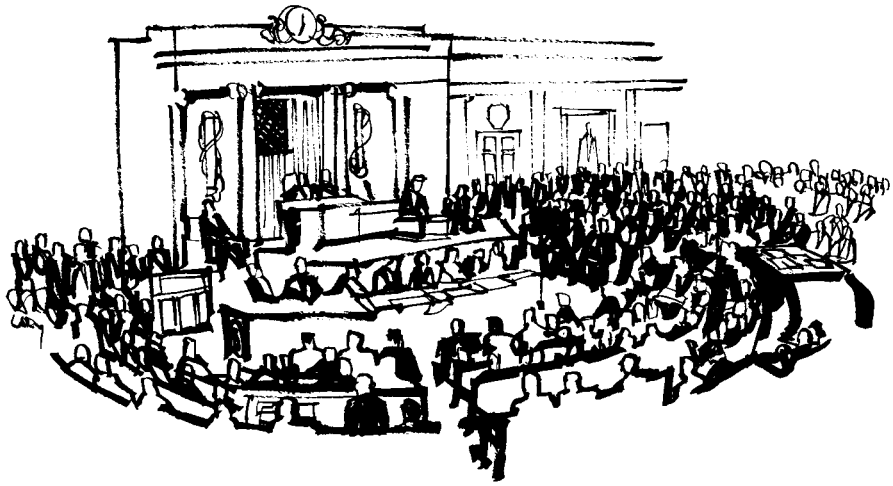
Californians Against Proposition 14, is having a tough time finding enough Republicans to give the campaign a nonpartisan flavor. It is not surprising. The Republicans are in a ticklish position: they are a minority party in California and are heavily dependent for financial contributions upon militant conservatives to whom the Rumford Act is another step down the road to socialism.

Getting Out the Vote

"We know we are losing Democrats in the working-class districts," one of the directors in the fight against Proposition 14 has conceded, "and our only hope is to get the moderate Republicans. If we don't get Republicans in the suburbs, we are dead. We must convince the people in suburbia that *we* are the moderates, that the other guys are the hotheads trying to stir up racial tension. As far as the lower-income Democrats are concerned, the unions have a very tough job. They have to show their people that the forces who tried to shove right-to-work down their throats are the ones who are backing Proposition 14. We are not too hopeful on this score. The other side has done a real selling job on convincing these people that not only their homes but their jobs are in danger.

"The one area where we are really gratified is the involvement of the churches. Some 910 clergymen have signed up to fight the amendment, and four hundred church people volunteered for precinct work in the [San Fernando] Valley last week. What was even more amazing was the fact that three hundred of these people had never done any kind of precinct work before. But here they were, getting into politics for the first time because of the moral question involved."

The polls indicate that Californians Against Proposition 14 has an uphill—but not a hopeless—fight between now and the election. A number of polls taken in August, when the newspapers were filled with headlines about Negro riots, indicated that the proposition would pass by a margin of fifteen per cent. However, polls in mid-September showed the margin had narrowed to ten per cent.



New York: The Keating Record

MEG GREENFIELD

Next to being a liberal Republican, the most arduous—not to say thankless—task in political life today may be that of representing New York State in the United States Senate. There are the interests of the Seneca Indians to look after and the interests of the Ladies Garment Workers. There are the stockbrokers, the folk singers, the dairy farmers, and the Ukrainians who live on the lower East Side. There is, in short, more of everything in New York with the exception of homogeneity and common cause. Every foreign-policy question that comes before Congress, for example, has its conflicting factions in New York, both for ideological and genealogical reasons. And since New York is not only the financial and commercial center of the country but also one of its ranking agricultural states as well as the focus of some of its worst urban problems, New York's senators must take an interest in everything from tax reform and drought relief to the criminal statutes affecting narcotics addiction.

To the harassment and the pressure of endlessly conflicting claims produced by this state of affairs may be added a third and perhaps overriding problem: in a body that saves its respect for those who speak out least often (and preferably with the authority of a committee chairmanship), New York's multi-interest senators have traditionally been regarded by their colleagues from less complicated places as showoffs, windbags, aggressors, and plain pests. "God A'mighty," Georgia's senior Senator Richard B. Russell has been heard to mutter on the Senate floor, "Javits is up again. You don't suppose we're not going to hear from Keating too? No sir—God A'mighty, here he comes." If nothing but popularity were at stake, such little japes wouldn't matter. But it is a real and self-defeating aspect of a New York senator's lot that the more things he must advocate, the less credible his advocacy becomes to the rest of the Senate, and the less effective he becomes in getting things done.

In many respects, Republican Senator Kenneth B. Keating has managed to overcome this and related occupational hazards of the job. The elements of his Senate success, however, may in the end prove irrelevant to his chances of re-election. It is one of the ironies of the current race in New York State that the tough and quiet habits that have enabled Keating to do his constituents' work are those least likely to be of use in defending his Senate seat against the rambunctious cam-

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paign being waged by former Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy.

'People Like Keating'

"I don't think," Keating told me recently, "that a New York senator could ever really be a member of 'the Club.'" He was referring to that much maligned collection of co-operating senators—Democratic and Republican—who, although they are commonly thought of as a source of Senate inaction, are actually responsible for the fact that it gets anything done at all. Nevertheless, as one charter Club member put it, "People like Keating. They try to help him out whenever they can." Thereupon the venerable legislator lifted both his hands into the air. "And my fingers aren't crossed," he said.

This co-operation is essential to Keating's ability to deal with the myriad requests for help, guidance, and relief that come into his office. In a way, being a New York senator is a little like running a consulate in Washington. Keating's eighteen million constituents are articulate, they live nearby, and they are indefatigable pen pals. He receives as many as twenty thousand letters a month from New York, and in an average session of Congress he not only spends considerable time untangling petty bureaucratic regulations for local farmers and businessmen who are about to be strangled by them but also manages to introduce some two hundred private relief bills dealing chiefly with immigration inequities. There are also countless amendments to be sponsored and seen through both chambers for the sake of New York communities undergoing various forms of distress.

To keep from bogging down in this sort of function when he came over to the Senate from the House in 1959, Keating organized, on a non-patronage basis, a bright young staff whose competence is as widely acknowledged on the Hill as is the fact that they are chronically overworked by Keating. The senator has adopted the unusual practice of doing his paper work at his desk in the Senate chamber rather than in his office. His aides, who look to be in the throes of a perpetual emergency, rush back and forth with papers for the apparently tranquil Keating, who thus is able both to keep an eye on the doings of his Senate brethren and to meet his obligations to his constituency.

It is Keating's way of meeting those obligations that may account for the respect he has earned from senators who are hostile to just about everything he is trying to do. He is fundamentally a backstage man, a follower-through, a well-briefed opponent who is clever in the ways of maneuver and occasionally rough, but never—to cite the term senators use to sum up a colleague's worst failings—"mean." This amounts to the Senate's definition of a serious man, and Keating's record for riding herd on his private immigration bills is a case in point, since immigration bills both private and public are probably subject to more hot air and bad faith than anything else that comes before Congress.

AT THE PRESENT, for instance, there are in this country some fifty Yugoslav crewmen who jumped ship and asked for asylum a few years back and whom the Immigration Service has been doing its best to deport ever since. According to the voluntary agency workers and the attorneys on the case, their continued presence in the United States is largely the result of Keating's efforts. To be sure, it is true that there is political mileage to be gained by a New York senator in assisting immigrants and would-be immigrants of just about any nationality. But it is also true that the same mileage can be gained by ritual introduction of a bill in their behalf followed by a public expression of grief when the bill is ignored or mangled elsewhere in Congress.

But early in his Senate career, Keating demonstrated his seriousness by taking on that most neglected and perilous of projects—skirmishing behind the scenes with the late immigration boss in Congress, Democratic Representative Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania. It was Walter's tribute to Keating that he frequently vowed in private he would never permit the Joint Immigration Committee to be convened so long as Keating was on it. And although Keating often came out second best in their encounters, from time to time he got his way. A student of the strange ways of Congress could do worse than to study the bargaining, threatening, and counterthreatening exchange of correspondence, always couched in the most gentlemenly and decorous language, between Keating and Walter.

Crisscrossing the Aisle

Partly because he had learned about Walter while serving with him in the House and partly because of his seat on the Senate Judiciary Committee, Keating was in a relatively strong position—at least for him—in doing battle with the congressman. The same cannot be said of his position on the Senate floor. As a liberal Republican, Keating is not only a member of the minority but also a member of the minority within the minority. The result is that if he wants to do anything more meaningful than orate he must constantly be on the prowl for allies, crossing and recrossing the aisle, relinquishing credit in order to move his bills. Accordingly, his record shows a high degree of hyphenation—Ribicoff-Keating, Keating-Pastore, and so on. The latter of these specific pieces of legislation, the Keating-Pastore amendment that put the Senate on record last spring as favoring abolition of Federal retailers' excise taxes, was drafted in Keating's office and was on hand during a debate in the chamber. Keating had been concentrating on achieving an exemption for a single struggling industry in New York, but after a conference with Pastore on the floor, they agreed to call up the broader version. Pastore took Keating's bill back to his own desk and called it up from the Democratic side, thereby assuring its passage.

Although Keating could by no stretch of the imagination be considered a "power" among Republicans in the Senate, he has demonstrated a capacity for bringing his colleagues along with him on a vote—and often some rather improbable ones at that. During the civil-rights struggle, it looked for a time as if the so-called Morse motion committing the bill to the Eastland committee for scrutiny would be passed. The vote was likely to be close, and for several days the intra-Senate lob-

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bying was fierce. Keating took on the job of bringing around South Dakota's Karl Mundt and Nebraska's Roman L. Hruska, two of the least promising prospects of the lot. Both voted against committing the bill to Eastland, and so unlikely had it seemed at the outset that when Keating delivered the final word from Mundt to a caucus of pro-rights senators shortly before the vote was to be taken, the meeting broke into undignified cheers. Recently I asked one of Keating's fellow Republicans how he accounted for the senator's persuasiveness with colleagues who were so far to his Right. "They trust his judgment," he said, "because they know he starts out from a conservative premise."

Is He or Isn't He?

The subject is of more than passing interest in New York State and especially in New York City at the moment. Assuming that he can hold the traditional upstate Republican majority, Keating would still need to take around forty per cent of the city's heavily Democratic vote to win re-election. And since a swing vote seems to exist among those whom the polltakers classify as liberals, there has been a good deal of controversy over the nature, depth, and authenticity of Keating's liberalism as compared with that of his opponent. To some extent, the senator has simplified the problem by his passion for going on the record. For example, he has been present for ninety-seven per cent of the roll-call votes in the Senate during his term, making him second only to the roll-call champion, Margaret Chase Smith of Maine. Still, the printed record has its inadequacies as a guide in Keating's case. His tendency to pick and choose his own way among the issues ever since he came to Washington as a representative from Rochester in 1947 has produced a record that does not readily yield to the liberal Clairol test—Is he or isn't he?

He has, for instance, introduced and pushed legislation to legalize wiretapping and, were it not for the fact that Attorney General Kennedy originally sent wiretap legislation to the Hill providing fewer safeguards against abuse than Keating's bill did, this sort of interest on Keating's part might have had some significance in the campaign as evidence of his illiberality. Yet anyone who goes back over his record in the field of civil liberties will be struck by inconsistencies that confound any effort to classify him and are suggestive of anything but a crusader's approach to the question of domestic security. Thus in 1947 when crusading was in high fashion, Keating, then a freshman congressman from a conservative upstate district, unaccountably broke with his party to vote against the so-called "Star Chamber" bill concerning loyalty-investigation procedures—a bill that was taken by the ADA as a test vote on liberalism that session. Moreover, he has worked for the reform of committee investigations in Congress with a view to the protection of witnesses' rights.

SUCH SELECTIVITY is highly characteristic of Keating. To the extent that his peculiar conscientiousness has led him to buck his party leadership over the years, he must be characterized as a rebel without fixations. Keating, indeed, may well be the most obsession-free member of the Senate—free even from the obsession of popular causes. He is capable of devoting great energy to problems whose importance to the nation is surpassed only by their unimportance to the voters—Presidential disability and succession, the modernization of the machinery of Congress, reform of the conflict-of-interest laws—and his approach to issues with a high potential for flamboyance, such as civil rights, is matter-of-fact. He introduced and spoke for legislation in the field in his first term as congressman, at which time he also departed from his party's position to vote for a compulsory Fair Employment Practices Commission. The relevant point is that around one per cent of his constituents were Negroes.

Over the years, Keating, who was an author of the 1957 rights bill has earned a reputation as a spokesman for the Negro in Congress and out. When a furious New Yorker wrote him a while ago that it was all very well for high-living senators to vote for civil-rights bills since they wouldn't have to live next door to Negroes. Keating's answer omitted any mention of justice, progress, or the rights of man. "I have lived next door to a Negro," he wrote him, adding that he liked it just fine.

The Cuban Cassandra

By a rather startling tabulation appearing in the *Congressional Quarterly* this spring, Keating was shown to have a higher percentage of support for Kennedy-administration legislation than Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield had. Probably statistics of this kind will be made use of to demonstrate the legitimacy of Keating's claim to Democratic support, particularly in view of the fact that his Cassandra role in the Cuban missile crisis is apparently still a subject of both confusion and animosity among many voters in New York. A former member of the administration, Roger Hilsman, has attacked Keating in a *Look* article on the grounds that he could not possibly have had the information he claimed to have and that he was probably up to some no-good private purpose. In his defense to such charges, Keating has habitually cited the unanimous findings of a Congressional committee upholding his contention that intelligence was being optimistically misread at the time, and has repeatedly said that his information was available in its entirety to the administration.

New York's Democratic voters may or may not be moved by the high incidence of Keating's support of the administration. But paradoxically, if Keating has a use to the Democrats in Washington, it proceeds directly from his being a part of that minority within the Republican minority which may well be reduced drastically in elections around the country this fall. With considerable success, the eight-to-ten-man liberal Republican caucus in the Senate has managed to exert pressure both on the administration and on their own colleagues to the Right. Almost one full year in advance of the administration's introduction of the civil-rights bill, Keating, his senior colleague Jacob K. Javits, and a group of like-minded Republicans began to hold private meetings with representatives of the Justice Department, putting on the heat for legislative

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action. These meetings were followed by introduction of a Republican civil-rights bill, intended to hurry the administration along. The notes on the meetings show that the Republicans present pledged that they could bring at least half their colleagues to vote for Senate cloture. The pressure they were (and are) able to exert on their right-wing colleagues is more subtle though no less real. The maneuverability of such middlemen as Minority Leader Dirksen and his freedom to negotiate and go along with the Democrats on certain measures is due in large part to the bloc of liberal Republican senators who are bound to support him when he does negotiate and bound to plague him when he does not.

Outside the Senate, Keating and his colleagues have had far less success in influencing their party. Keating, for example, was the source of the effort a few years ago to organize the All-Republican Conference, a group he hoped would be analogous to the old Democratic Advisory Council and would restore to national leadership in the party those out-of-office Republicans who might act as a counterweight to the often mean-minded delegations on the Hill. The project was undermined and finally eliminated by such Republican bigwigs as William E. Miller, then National Chairman. Keating, who has spent a good deal of his time trying to tell meetings of young and old Republicans what is wrong with Goldwaterism, has none the less tried to solve the problem within the Republican Party. Far more than Javits, he is a party-minded man, and the break he was compelled to make with the party in San Francisco was painful to him for more than political reasons.

For Keating, who has always worked through Republican county organizations, the decision not to support Goldwater was a disturbing one. Although he has been painstaking in his campaigning throughout the state for the past couple of years on the fruit cup *suprême* and chicken à la king circuit, he has no organization of his own to rely on; and the hostility of the county leaders to his action was immediately and vociferously made clear. Indeed, Keating postponed his decision whether to run for reelection after San Francisco and said that he would do so only if the county leaders could accept his decision not to support Goldwater. Since the polls have begun to come in, there has been a good deal less hostility from the formerly Goldwater-minded men in the state organization.

At the moment the campaign between Keating and Kennedy is alleged to be a horse race. And it is full of imponderables—the effect of the memory of President Kennedy on the New York electorate, their reported feeling of guilt about turning Keating out of his job, the size of Lyndon Johnson's majority. In the Keating camp there is worry that the senator simply may not be able to survive the New York voters' hostility to the candidate he has fought and disavowed, that Jacqueline Kennedy will somehow be introduced into the campaign on the other side, or that the senator's admittedly unspectacular style will do him in.

Keating is fighting on almost an around-the-clock schedule, and although he is fully aware of the difficulties he faces, he seems relatively serene. Late one recent evening, Keating returned from a day of campaigning on Long Island. He sat in the back of his blue station wagon eating a sandwich and planning the day ahead. There had been the catcalls from the Goldwater Republicans in the groups he had addressed, and the next day there would be an early-morning trip to Buffalo featuring supermarket appearances and the touchy intra-Republican feud in Erie County. Keating commented on the rather large signs the Kennedy people had just affixed to Manhattan's busses, revealed that the only job he had lost before was that of setting cabbage on a farm, and went from there to a few speculations on the feed-grains problem in upstate New York. Although his aides looked ready to drop from exhaustion, the senator somehow maintained his cheer. When he was asked how he could withstand the rigors of his campaign, he thought about it for a moment or two. "My grandmother," Keating said, "didn't die until the age of ninety-nine and three-quarters. As a matter of fact, she was reading an article about politics at the time. I suppose I inherited a strong constitution."

Ohio: Is Anybody Happy?

JAMES A. MAXWELL

Cincinnati

All politicians are a little edgy here in Ohio these days. Goldwater Republicans are despondent about their candidate's fortunes. Anti-Goldwater Republicans fear that feeling against the head of the ticket may defeat numerous G.O.P. candidates for lesser offices, perhaps even Robert A. Taft, Jr., who is running for the Senate. Such a situation might be expected to create great joy in the Democratic camp. But Democrats rarely experience sweeping success in conservative, normally Republican Ohio, and they tend to view favorable forecasts with dark, almost superstitious misgivings. "We're like Kansas City playing the Yankees," one Democratic leader said, "and our pitcher's got a no-hitter going for him. Nobody wants to mention it or even think about it very much for fear of breaking the spell."

The uneasiness of the Democrats is understandable. Republicans hold all state offices and fill eighteen of Ohio's twenty-four seats in the House of Representatives. In the last five Presidential elections, only one Democrat, Truman, has carried the state. For Democrats, the present portents are too good to be real. Until this year, nearly all the newspapers have supported the G.O.P. Presidential nominee. Now the tables are turned. Johnson has re-

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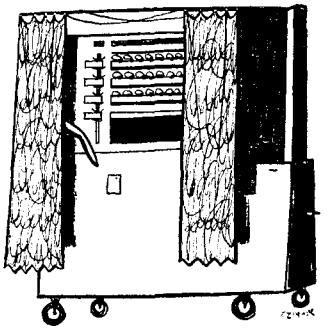
ceived editorial backing from many of the staunchest Republican papers in the state. Goldwater is expected to receive the blessing of only two important Ohio newspapers, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Columbus *Dispatch*.

ALTHOUGH the polls and the press fail to bring undiluted optimism to Democratic headquarters, they have deeply depressed the Republican organization. "In the last Presidential election, Nixon carried Ohio by nearly 275,000 votes," one G.O.P. official said to me recently. "It's hard to imagine blowing that kind of a margin four years later, but we're managing to do it. Goldwater's campaign simply hasn't gotten off the ground as far as this state is concerned. A hell of a lot of businessmen and bankers quietly switched right after he got the nomination, and we're not getting them back. That doesn't make our money-raising problem any easier. And Goldwater's speeches against sin and violence in the streets aren't doing much to stir up the mass of voters. Anything can happen, of course, but right now Johnson's running about sixty to forty ahead of our man in solid Republican districts. Even allowing for considerable error in the polls, it will take a miracle to beat odds like those."

Apparently many of the G.O.P. Congressional candidates don't expect the miracle to happen. Most of them are campaigning hard for themselves and ignoring the Goldwater-Miller ticket. "Our district's composed of small towns and farms," the campaign manager of one of the candidates said, "and we've been a Republican stronghold for years. However, a lot of old people have the idea that Barry might stop their Social Security checks, and their married sons and daughters are wondering how they can pay their parents' doctor bills without something like Medicare. Even more important, Goldwater hasn't done much to dispel the impression among our people that he thinks nuclear weapons can be handled as casually as firecrackers. It's an unfair image, in my opinion, but we can't afford to have our man tied in with it."

Although the Republican governor, James A. Rhodes, is not running for office this year—his term expires in 1966—he too seems to develop political laryngitis whenever an opportunity to speak for Goldwater presents itself. Rhodes was supposed to have been a favorite-son candidate in San Francisco. With obvious reluctance, he released his delegation just before the convention began, giving them barely enough time to scramble aboard the swiftly moving Goldwater bandwagon. Two factors are generally thought to account for Rhodes's unwillingness to campaign for the Presidential nominee. First, the pressure put on him to withdraw before the convention still rankles:



second, Rhodes hopes to be a serious contender for a place on the national ticket in 1968, and he fears that being tagged with Goldwaterism in 1964 will prove a serious handicap.

Young's Secret Weapon

Robert A. Taft, Jr., has been working for Goldwater, but more or less on a moonlighting basis. Taft usually restricts his speeches for the Presidential nominee to areas where Goldwater supporters are in control of the party organization. In other parts of the state he concentrates upon his own positions, which frequently differ sharply from Goldwater's. Normally, Taft's election to the Senate would be all but conceded. Not only does he bear a name politically potent in Ohio, but he has shown himself to be an able, hard-working public servant, first in the Ohio legislature and presently as congressman-at-large. However, 1964 is not a normal year politically.

Moreover, there seems to be some kind of jinx at work against all politicians who have the temerity to run against Taft's opponent, Senator Stephen M. Young. When Young first ran for the Senate six years ago, he was almost unknown through most of Ohio, and was looked upon as no more than a token candidate against the theretofore all but invincible John Bricker. But 1958 was the year that the Republicans—over Bricker's strong protest—decided to put a state right-to-work proposal on the ballot. The measure was overwhelmingly defeated, and Bricker and virtually the entire G.O.P. slate of state candidates went down to defeat.

Early this year, Young again faced what seemed insurmountable odds. Astronaut John Glenn announced that he would run for the Democratic nomination for the Senate against Young. The Democrats, eager for a glamorous new face in their ranks, almost trampled one another in their rush to Glenn's side. Young, who was known only for voting with nearly one hundred per cent consistency along party lines and for telling critical constituents, what he thought of them in no uncertain terms, was almost ignored. But the man who had orbited the earth was seriously injured by an ignominious fall in his own bathroom and had to withdraw from the race several weeks before the primary. Young got the nomination by default.

"Our man's doing well in most of the polls we've taken," a Taft lieutenant said, "but you never know what to expect when you're running against Young. If a real Johnson landslide takes place in Ohio, Taft might get buried, too. Young always seems to have something no one can anticipate going for him. Maybe this time it's Goldwater." Certainly Young is doing everything possible to link the two Republicans in the public mind.

IF TAFT'S VOTE proves to be less affected by anti-Goldwater sentiment than might be expected, part of the credit must go to the late Senator Robert A. Taft, the candidate's father. In 1950, the elder Taft faced a difficult fight to retain his seat in the Senate. Until that year, Ohio had used a party-line ballot that carried the names of both state and national candidates and per-

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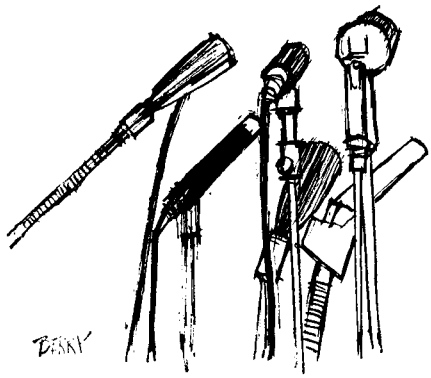
mitted the voter to put an "X" under the eagle or rooster and vote for the entire slate. Taft forces had little confidence that their gubernatorial candidate, who would head the list on the ballot in a non-Presidential year, could defeat the popular Frank Lausche, and there was fear that Taft would suffer from an avalanche of straight Democratic tickets. To overcome the problem, the Republicans pushed through a constitutional amendment requiring the use of the Massachusetts-type ballot, which calls for an "X" opposite the name of each candidate. The amendment also called for a separate ballot for Presidential candidates. "If we were still using the old ballots," a Taft worker said, "our troubles would be at least tripled."

In the independent Ohio Citizens for Goldwater and Miller headquarters around the state, there is still confidence, although somewhat subdued, that their national candidates will carry the state. Certainly there is no lessening of effort. Nor is there any lessening of the familiar crusading zeal to present the "true" Goldwater to those who either fail or deliberately refuse to understand him. The workers continue to accuse the press of deliberately distorting Goldwater's views, although the individual reporter is courteously received and given all possible assistance. The high percentage of Ohio newspapers that have endorsed Johnson has taken the Goldwater supporters aback, but some of them now believe that the effect will be to make their candidate a sympathetic underdog. "Harry Truman got a lot of mileage out of opposition from the press in 1948," one young lawyer in the Goldwater office in Columbus said. "We think the same thing will work for our candidate."

The Tycoon Radicals

Ohio Goldwaterites did receive a major boost in morale during the last week of September when their candidate made a whistle-stop tour of the state. Except in Chillicothe and Blanchester, which are in solid rural G.O.P. territory, he drew somewhat smaller crowds than Richard Nixon did four years ago on a similar campaign trip, but his reception was unmistakably enthusiastic. In Cincinnati, where Goldwater made a major address, the local sports arena was packed beyond capacity with some sixteen thousand wildly cheering adherents, and several thousand others were turned away. Much of what Goldwater had to say in Cincinnati was familiar, but he did introduce one theme that must have startled many in the audience. The Democrats, he said, have become the party of "the bosses of big business, where you find the corrupt, the power-mad, and the radicals of the Left." No information is available about the reaction of former Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy, chairman of the board of Procter & Gamble and recent recruit in the Goldwater army, and a number of other well-heeled, well-positioned supporters in the audience.

"Everything depends upon whether or not the kind of fervor we saw tonight is contagious," a Republican leader said later. "The people Goldwater has, he has two hundred per cent. In my opinion, he doesn't have nearly enough of them to carry Ohio right now, but you never know if their kind of zeal will affect those who are still on the fence and the Republicans who plan to vote for Johnson but hate to think of it. I hope we'll make it, but frankly I wouldn't put any money on Goldwater in Ohio today."



Arkansas: Squire vs. Demagogue

TOM DEARMORE

LITTLE ROCK

ON THE MORNING of last August 3, a dozen saddle-sore horseback riders from the Ozark mountain county of Cleburne ascended a steep approach to the summit of Petit Jean Mountain overlooking the broad valley of the Arkansas River, and went on to the model farm operated by Winthrop Rockefeller. They had plodded eighty-four miles in temperatures of up to 106 degrees to deliver an invitation and to publicize the seventy-seventh annual Reunion of Soldiers of All Wars at Heber Springs. Rockefeller, a Republican who is trying to unseat Governor Orval E. Faubus in the November election, was urged to ride in the reunion parade, and he agreed.

There is nothing unusual about the marathon "invitation ride" in the South and Southwest, but this one was significant because (1) no one rode down to Little Rock with an invitation for Faubus and (2) Cleburne is a typical "Faubus county" which the governor carried about 2-1 when he was elected to his fifth two-year term in 1962. Faubus did not attend the celebration, which drew several thousand people, and Rockefeller was the main attraction in the parade. That's why he was invited—because he is the top crowd-drawer in the state. That also is why Arkansas has the best governor's race in the nation this year, and why Faubus is running scared.

Arkansans are convinced they are

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witnessing the beginning of the wildest, most expensive, and possibly the most important governor's race in the history of their state. Some Democrats believe the swing of as few as one thousand votes could determine the outcome. Winthrop Rockefeller, best known in the East as a playboy, has gained stature, identity, and a reputation for sobriety and public service in Arkansas. He is out to prove himself in a conflict from which the native moderates have shrunk in fright or revulsion or despair. And when he said in August that he could beat Faubus "if the election were held today," no one laughed in Arkansas and no one in the Faubus administration even smiled.

Some early polls showed the candidates about even in voter appeal, though later surveys made for Rockefeller showed Faubus about five percentage points ahead. "But the margin is narrowing rapidly," a Rockefeller worker said, and there are other unexpected findings in the opinion survey. For example, there are signs that the race issue has been dissolving to an amazing degree in spite of Faubus's frenetic efforts to stress it, and that civil rights now ranks only about fifth in importance in the public mind.

What gives Rockefeller his hope of winning, however, is the matter that ranks first in the surveys—creation of more jobs through bringing new industries to Arkansas. "A significant majority of the people believe that I could attract more industry to the state if I were governor than could Orval Faubus," Winthrop said. Concern about the racial question does not remotely compare to interest in expanded manufacturing. Rockefeller's poll shows that he has a lead among persons fifty years of age and younger—the people who want jobs for themselves and their children. But Arkansas' percentage of old people is one of the highest in the United States and most of them are for Faubus.

The New Man's Many Assets

The governor himself has played a large part in Winthrop's build-up in the public mind. In his last four races, Faubus's main nonracial appeal has been as the governor who has done the most to industrialize Arkansas. He and Rockefeller have shared dozens of platforms during the past eight years, and until recent months Faubus has been unrestrained in his praise of the newcomer's effectiveness as head of the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission. In exhibiting Rockefeller, he emphasized that he was smart enough to secure a man who could get the job done. "I heard about Rockefellers when I was a farm boy in the hills of Madison County, but I never thought then that I would ever be hiring a Rockefeller," the governor once said at a museum dedication. Rockefeller laughed with the rest of the crowd. It will be difficult for Faubus to

undo all this—to convince the voters that Rockefeller is a Yankee intruder who came to Arkansas as a playboy and has remained primarily to integrate the races.

A first-rate job of image smashing will be required, because the Rockefeller image is luminous in Arkansas. His reputation as "the industry man" is firmly established because he served as chairman of the Industrial Development Commission from its inception in 1955 until last March, when he resigned to oppose Faubus. Factory-seeking organizations were formed in almost every county during that period, and Winthrop has made countless speeches to citizens' groups on the requirements for industrial advancement. He is now pointing to the results: six hundred new factories, ninety thousand new jobs, $270 million more in annual payrolls, and a fifty per cent rise in per capita income. Faubus has also been citing these figures, but many Arkansans believe that Rockefeller is more responsible for industrial gains than Faubus.

Arkansans are continually reminded of Rockefeller. Driving into Little Rock, they see the city's first "skyscraper"—the pastel-and-glass Tower Building—protruding above the otherwise undistinguished skyline. They know that Winthrop helped build it and maintains his offices there. And they read about his large housing projects to provide moderate-priced homes, his generous grants to the state's colleges, the college scholarships which he awards annually, his support of health studies through the state university's School of Medicine, and his financial aid to hospitals. He helped to establish the Graduate Institute of Technology to train technical workers for industry, and he and Mrs. Rockefeller were leaders in the establishment of one of the nation's finest art centers at Little Rock.

And Winrock Farm on the summit of Petit Jean is the state's most popular privately owned showplace. About 125,000 persons, including thousands of farmers and 4-H Club youngsters, visit Winrock annually. Rockefeller entertains them with food and talk about his world-famous Santa Gertrudis cattle-breeding program and the research in crops and veterinary methods that are under way on the thousand-acre tract. The view of the Ouachita and Ozark Mountains is one of the finest between the Appalachians and the Rockies, and Arkansans urge tourists, "Be sure to stop at Winrock before you leave the state."

Strong assets in Rockefeller's campaign are his physical appearance and his personality. "He sure was a big 'un, wasn't he?" said a farmer at a county fair after being greeted by the candidate. And that he is—

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six foot three, the tallest of the Rockefellers, and weighing 207 pounds after trimming off forty pounds in a pre-campaign diet. He has a certain cavalier elegance which the South has prized in the past. He is an unexpectedly good street campaigner. In shirtsleeves and straw cowboy hat (always removed when meeting the ladies), he strides the sidewalks with more energy than the governor and with a smile that any politician would envy.

Winthrop started campaigning in the early summer, before the Democratic primary, introducing a most effective gimmick: he is followed down the streets by a group of perspiring young fellows armed with Polaroid flash cameras, and every person whose hand is shaken receives a photo of himself with Rockefeller. Babies, too, and hundreds of children are photographed with the candidate. Farm folks line up with their coveys of youngsters and a mother's voice is heard from the crowd: "Take an extra one for Aunt Susie." People are seen carefully shading the pictures from the hot sun as they walk away, and it is safe to assume that hundreds of the photos will be on humble mantels for years to come. The comment is heard many times, after he has talked to people in country stores and at county fairs, "Why, he's just as common as anyone."

Race and Riches

Rockefeller seems to have made inroads among small-acreage farmers who have been the bedrock of Faubus's support, and if this holds true it is the most surprising and important factor in the campaign, because he already had considerable strength among business and professional people and urban residents. It now appears that Rockefeller might carry most of the cities and a wide area of the upland northern half of the state, which means that Faubus would need a landslide vote in the populous cotton-delta region to win re-election. To achieve that, Faubus is expected to pull all the stops in attempting to revive the racial issue.

Rockefeller is most vulnerable in Arkansas on this question; he believes in equality of opportunity without regard to race and has said so. He has served as a national director of the Urban League and once addressed a regional meeting of the NAACP. One of his top personnel at Winrock until three years ago was a Negro. However, his stand on the new Civil Rights Act is similar to Senator Goldwater's: he would have voted against it, he says, because the powers it delegates are too broad, but his oath as governor would bind him to respect all laws. Faubus has commented about possible dire results of placing the National Guard and state police under the control of a governor who is unsympathetic to segregationist tradition. He charges that Rockefeller "was in favor of forcible integration" and "was in on the conference" when Federal troops were sent to Little Rock in 1957. Now, the governor asserts, Winthrop "is trying to change his spots."

Faubus's first remark about Winthrop's candidacy was that it would be interesting to learn "if a poor boy can beat a millionaire," serving notice that Rockefeller's wealth would be a primary issue. It could easily add up to another minus for the governor, because Winthrop countered with the assertion that Faubus is not the "poor boy" he would have people believe and that "After all, I don't have the taxpayers' money to help me." He pointed out that Faubus had just given the customary election-year increase in grants to welfare clients. Since then, Faubus has openly informed state employees that he expects them to do campaign work for him and many have even received forms, to be returned to Faubus headquarters, upon which they may check the kinds of electioneering activities in which they are willing to engage. Rockefeller will hit hard at this mobilizing of tax-paid workers and it may be telling, because Arkansans have been told that they have paid more taxes in the past ten years, under Faubus, than were paid in the whole of the state's prior history of 118 years.

Anyway, Faubus's own wealth may become as big an issue as Rockefeller's before the campaign is finished. The governor is planning a spacious home atop a mountain near his home town of Huntsville, and there is no visible evidence that he is impoverished. There is also no doubt among Arkansans that, with the backing of some of the biggest business interests in the state, he can mount as high-powered a campaign as Rockefeller's.

THE MAIN OBSTACLE confronting Faubus is the idea of a sixth term in a state which has, before his time, rejected the idea of even a third term. The people know that he has accumulated great power and there are signs of growing uneasiness about the degeneration of the state Democratic Party into no more than his personal machine. This year's Democratic primary, in which he was virtually unopposed and in which no other state officeholder was opposed at all, was the dullest affair the populace had ever witnessed. Faubus won with sixty-six per cent of the votes, but 32,000 fewer votes were cast than in the 1962 primary despite a record registration this year.

Faubus's performance in the primary was not dismaying to Rockefeller, because the governor won renomination with the votes of only thirty-nine per cent of the registered citizenry. A new record registration of 700,000 has been set before November, and the vote may exceed 500,000, compared to 364,000 in the primary. Rockefeller could win if enough anti-Faubus Democrats are added to the Republican and new-registrant totals. And Winthrop is heartened by the fact that two years ago Faubus won only 51.3 per cent of the Democratic primary vote. Two-thirds of the people are opposed to the idea of a sixth term, Rockefeller says.

Arkansans will also be voting in November on a state constitutional amendment to legalize casino gambling at Hot Springs, and the churches in the state are embarking on an intensive voter registration drive from which Rockefeller expects to benefit. He is on the side of the churches, having scolded Faubus for waiting nine years to close down Hot Springs, the lavish illegal gaming operation called the biggest in the nation by a Justice Department investigator. Faubus finally acted last March after the situation became politically intolerable, but many churchmen are not convinced of his sincerity and believe the wheels will

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be spinning again by next year if he is re-elected.

Johnson's Friend

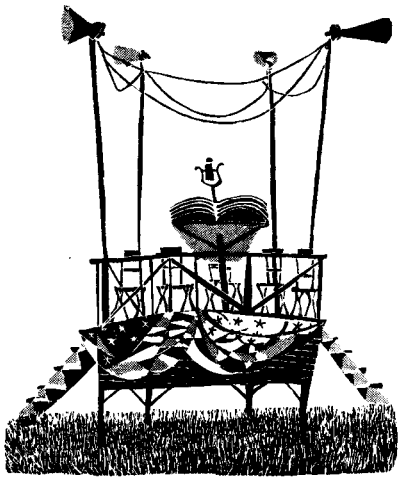
Faubus has faced a nettlesome predicament in deciding what role to assume in the Presidential race. Many ultraconservative Democrats and some Republicans who consider Winthrop too liberal are Goldwater-Faubus people, and it seemed for a time that Faubus avoided involvement in national politics. In the past year he has courted the Goldwater and Wallace supporters and lambasted the Johnson administration. But the dangers of encouraging party disloyalty at any level this season became obvious, and in early September Faubus invited Senator Hubert Humphrey to address the Democratic state convention and endorsed the Democratic Presidential ticket. This was an indication that Faubus expects Johnson and Humphrey to carry the state, and his backing will probably assure that they will. Also, he undoubtedly did not wish to antagonize Senator J. William Fulbright, who plans an extensive speaking tour to prevent his main personal antagonist, Senator Goldwater, from carrying Arkansas. But Faubus has lately been hit by a rightist reaction; many racial extremists and Goldwaterites who were pro-Faubus are denouncing him for his espousal of the "integrationist, left-wing" Johnson-Humphrey ticket, and he has responded with the incredible contention that he might be legally removed from office if he did not support all the Democratic nominees.

Rockefeller may be fashioning an unprecedented liberal-conservative coalition. Conversely, Faubus is a come-lately conservative and many conservatives think he is bogus. They believe Rockefeller is the true conservative in the race and they are certain that he is not an opportunist. "He's not running for fame and he's not running for money," one of them said. "He has nothing to gain at all from this."

His campaign organization is large and probably too amateurish, but it is formidable because of the thousands of young people who have volunteered. By mid-October his force will consist of about ten thousand workers, including four thousand in the Young Arkansans for Rockefeller organization. The latter are trained in political tactics, entertained at Winrock, and sent out to convert the state. Winthrop's strategy is to be more affirmative than critical. He is paying study teams to create programs for expansion of tourism, for industrial development, and for advancement of education, and he is helping pay for an audit of state government and a thorough survey of election procedures. The latter has revealed that irregularities are commonplace in many parts of the state, and the main fear, expressed privately by his workers, is that he will be cheated at some of the ballot-counting places.

Promises to Everybody

Faubus's power is unparalleled in the history of the state. He has no peer in mastery of the political switchblade, and he has not yet brought his powers into full play. Every agency of state government is being used as a campaign instru-



ment, and the Faubus battle orders seem to be to promise anything and everything. He does not intend to seek the governorship again if he serves another term (the Congressional seat in his hill district attracts him), and he and his subordinates are engaged in the wholesale promising of road improvements—a strong vote-getting appeal in rural areas—teachers' salary increases, and other benefits. About 75,000 persons drawing welfare assistance have received substantial payment increases, which most of them, ignoring the information that the Federal government is paying three-fourths of the amount, attribute to Faubus's benevolence. The payroll and patronage of the state has about doubled since Faubus assumed office and he has appointed the full membership (about six hundred) of all boards and commissions. Banks have received generous deposits from the state with no requirements to pay interest. The state government is rich; its income is rising at a remarkable rate because of business and industrial expansion, and Faubus knows how to spend this tax wealth to the best political advantage. His influence has pervaded the utility, banking, and other big-business interests, and he will have no trouble matching Rockefeller's campaign spending. Faubus can cite many solid improvements in services and institutions, especially mental hospitals. But he has been in office almost a decade during a period of nationwide economic acceleration, and Winthrop can point out that Arkansas still holds its traditional rank among the states in vital areas—forty-ninth in per capita income and forty-ninth in expenditure for teachers' salaries, for instance. Faubus knows the dangers in such comparisons, and the state's fourteen thousand teachers have received his special attention. He has promised them a salary increase of $1,000 to $1,500 within the next two years if he is re-elected, and has pledged to increase pension benefits to retired teachers.

Faubus has said, though, that civil rights will be the main issue, and he deftly mixes racism with fundamentalist religiosity. Indeed, his speeches have the intonations of rural Southern evangelism. He is monotonous, sonorous, and repetitious, but he has a perfect instinct for striking nativist chords. "I have refused to join those forces which seek forced integration," he said in his opener, and added the pledge that "So long as I am governor the executive mansion will not become the scene of drinking parties, and the guest houses will not become the headquarters of beatniks from other states." The implication is that convivial spirits have been consumed at Winrock and that Rockefeller might throw the executive quarters open to bearded civil-rights work-

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ers. He implies that Winthrop is an agent of the riotous types of Northerners and is placing reliance on racial and religious extremists. Rockefeller is braced for the expected introduction into the campaign of smear advertising referring to his divorce from Bobo or accusing him of loose morals in the past.

Faubus seems to have evolved from a hill-country opportunist into a hard-core racist. As the *Arkansas Gazette* of Little Rock commented: "Students of demagoguery incline to draw a line between those who merely merchandise the stuff, as a teetotaler may run a liquor store, and those who believe it themselves. There has been evidence over the past year or two that Orval Faubus has come to believe in his own merchandise himself." Telling a crowd at McGehee, in the cotton delta, that a Rockefeller serving as governor in New York had failed to subdue racial rioting and that election of another Rockefeller in Arkansas would be an "invitation" to the same kind of disturbance, he expounded his solution for demonstrations: "The first time they lay down in the streets to block the traffic of a legitimate business operation, they're going to get run over. And if no one else will do it, I'll get in a truck and do it myself." With that assertion, Faubus attained his apogee as a racial haranguer. George Wallace, for all his threats, has not promised personally to kill people.

Rockefeller's main impediment is the Republican label. The forces of habit and expectation are at work: the Democratic Party has always dominated, so it must be good; it has always won in the state, so it will surely win again. There is a logical reason, too—the state receives far more in return from the Federal government than it pays in taxes and is the site of the nation's most expensive river-development program. If party spirit continues strong enough, if Faubus can consolidate all the interest groups to whom he has made reckless promises, if the race issue or some last-minute scandal allegation catches fire, Faubus may defeat Rockefeller. But many observers feel that if the governor commits one major bumble at this point, he is out.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Return to Fontamara

IGNAZIO SILONE

At a certain period just after the war I began to receive letters and what he called "appeals" from the parish priest of B———. I don't mind admitting that, after a quick glance, I tossed them into the wastebasket. They were for the most part requests for a letter of recommendation for the job of doorman or office messenger for young peasants weary of working the land. Some of them said that because of the suffering they had endured during the war, they were willing to take any job at all, even the worst paid, as long as they could work sitting down and with a roof over their heads. I could just imagine them going to the priest, accompanied by their families and bringing gifts—eggs, a basket of fruit, a wheel of cheese—in order to get him to write me a letter. And I knew that he answered them with the misleading pronouncement: "If he wants to, he can help you."

But one day I received a letter from him that differed from the rest, and it didn't go into the wastebasket. It began: "This isn't an appeal; it's a bit of news." It went on to say that a certain person, So-and-so's daughter, whose existence I had undoubtedly forgotten, was seriously ill and he thought it was his duty to inform me. That was all it said.

The priest couldn't have foreseen that this letter would impel me to set out immediately. For various reasons I decided to take the night train. A friend to whom I spoke of my errand offered to take me in his car, but I made excuses.

"You know," I said to put an end to his insistence, "that I went away from there by train twenty-five years ago. Surely you can understand."

Along the way, I spent much of the time with my face pressed against the window. Coming toward me I could see the landscape that I had kept so long in my memory, like a Christmas manger scene—the stony fields, the dark, bare, uninhabited mountains, and now the abandoned railway stations with their doors hanging open, the bombed houses, the crumbling walls and heaps of rubble. In the darkness of the railway coach I knew from the smell that my fellow travelers were peasants, men and women huddled close together, their packages and boxes and cardboard suitcases bulging with the purchases they had made in the city. Across from me a woman was sitting with a baby on her knee. Every now and then the baby woke up and cried, and she opened her blouse and nursed him until he fell asleep again. I tried to sleep, too, as if I were one of them, like the mother or the baby, or just someone wearily returning from a long journey. In the light of the early dawn the sleeping travelers looked half dead, with sagging, oppressed faces and the frightened look of thieves surprised by the police. When they heard the stentorian voice of the approaching conductor they pulled themselves together and resumed their everyday hard, mistrustful expressions.

In the corridor, as I sought to push

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my way through the reclining bodies and the piled-up baggage, a voice hailed me:

"Hello there! What the devil are you doing on this train? Going back to your Fontamara, are you?"

The speaker was a self-styled reporter, a veteran of the column of local news.

"I'm doing what you're doing," I answered. "I'm traveling, can't you see?"

As he came near me his voice became increasingly unpleasant: "Exactly where is that Fontamara of yours?" he insisted, speaking now in a falsely confidential whisper. "Which one of our villages served you as a model? Aielli? Ortucchio? Bisegna?"

"That's my secret," I said as I jumped down from the train at my station.

"What about your suitcase?" he shouted after me. "Did you forget it?"

"I haven't got a suitcase, devil take you!" I shouted back.

IT WOULD HAVE SEEMED too ridiculous to arrive with a suitcase, like a tourist or a traveling salesman. Twenty-five years before, when I left these parts, it was without luggage. I stole away like a thief, under cover of night, never dreaming that it would be so many years before I came back. Lazzaro, an old Socialist known as "Frogcatcher," came to the station to see me off.

"Don't come," I told him. "The *carabinieri* might recognize you and put you in their bad books. Don't send me away with this worry on my mind."

"I'll pretend I just happened to be down at the station. I won't even speak to you."

And so he came down from his mountain village, together with his daughter and his donkey. He stood at some distance, staring at me like a conspirator. Naturally we ended up by talking.

"Go on away and leave this miserable country behind you," he said. "You're lucky to be young, you can forget it."

"I won't forget it, Lazzaro," I told him. "I swear I won't."

"Yes you will, you'll wind up your studies; you'll be successful, and you'll forget. It won't be difficult to forget; you'll see."

"Lazzaro," I said, "what's the use of quarreling before we say goodbye? I won't forget, I tell you."

"I don't want to quarrel," he assured me; "that's the last thing I'd want to do, just when you're going away. I was only saying that it will be natural for you to forget. You will settle down, you will be successful, and you will forget. I'm an old man; I could be your grandfather; and you can believe me. I know life better than you do."

With tears in my eyes I went on protesting until even Laurina, his daughter, begged him to change the subject.

"It's your last chance to talk," she said. "You may never meet again, so why do you insist on quarreling?"

"I don't want to quarrel," he repeated humbly. "At a time like this, how could I? I was only saying that of course you'll forget, you'll be a success, and then you'll forget."

Laurina turned to me. "You'll have to forgive him," she said. "You have no idea how really fond of you he is, and how he's always talking about you. He cares more for you than he does for me, his own daughter."

"Maybe I do," the old man assented. "Yes, that's a fact. I like his way of thinking. But I am just a peasant, and he's an educated young man. Like all educated people he'll have a career and forget about us, and about this accursed place."

Laurina was standing at one side, holding the donkey's bridle.

"What do you say?" I said, turning toward her. "Do you think that I'll forget?"

"No," she said, blushing. "I'm sure that you'll think of my father."

And just as I was getting on the train she added almost inaudibly, "Come back as soon as you can."

MY JOURNEY led me further afield than I had expected and lasted much longer. A few years later, in 1930, when I took refuge, ill and dejected, in a mountain village in Switzerland, believing that my days were numbered, I wrote a story to which I gave the name of *Fontamara*. Out of the dreams and bitter memories of my youth I invented a village, so vivid in my mind that I felt as if I were actually there. The story was simple, indeed in spots crude, but because of the love and nostalgia that inspired me it touched the hearts of readers in many parts of the world.

It is not easy, in later years, to return to the scene of one's youth, especially if in absence one's thoughts have continued to play around it and to make it the scene of imaginary events. The experience may even be disastrous. For this reason I was embarrassed when, immediately after the war, the newspapers and radio listed my name among the exiles returning from abroad and a strangely assorted group of peasants and local authorities came to me with a proposal for a homecoming celebration. I was so taken aback that I could not conceal my alarm and disgust over the idea of making such a melodramatic appearance in a place where I had suffered so intensely. The delegation went away discomfited—uncertain, as I was told later, whether my ungracious reply was due to political intransigence or personal misanthropy.

It was after this that I received the letter from the parish priest telling me of the poverty and illness of Laurina. She had begged him not to ask me for money but consented to send me her news.

ON THE SQUARE in front of the station I looked in vain for the bus that used to make the run up the valley to B———. Finally I was told that the service had been discontinued years ago.

"Just stay right here," the postal clerk told me. "There's always some cart or wagon going by."

At one side of the square there was a big fountain, with women crowded around it. As I drew closer and saw once again their age-old gestures and heard the unchanged cadence of their speech, I was filled with delight. The younger women wore a kerchief knotted at the back of the neck, the older ones under the chin. When a copper jug was filled, one woman helped another to balance it on the tightly wadded cloth support she wore on the top of her head. Under the weight of the jug even the oldest woman stood very erect so that the water should not spill over. Farther away, in the shade of a tree, a mother was cradling her child. The cradle looked like a

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ship lying low in the water, rising and falling with the motions of the waves. Some peasants, dressed in their Sunday best but looking like perennial refugees, arrived at the station loaded with bags.

"Did the war come this way?" I asked the clerk. "It doesn't seem so."

"This is a luckless town," he told me. "Even the earthquake passed us by years ago; I don't know whether you heard about it. As a result we could not claim government aid. As for war damage, the Germans came as far as the bridge down there. They could just as well have come up the hill and destroyed something or other but they didn't bother."

"Were you here then?" I asked him.

"No such luck. I was up at the provincial capital, working in the requisitions office."

Suddenly I decided to go the rest of the way on foot. In fact, it seemed a much better thing to do.

"It'll take a couple of hours," the clerk warned me. "You don't know the road. It's rocky and dusty."

"I'll take the short cut," I called back over my shoulder.

"So you come from around here, do you?" he shouted after me.

IN THE VALLEY the green and yellow mosaic pattern of the vineyards soon gave way to an increasingly barren landscape. On the bare hillsides there were only occasional cypresses and almonds and here and there a crucifix set up for some Lenten preaching mission. They looked almost as if someone had set them up as artificial decoration. My adolescence appeared to me delimited not only in time but also in space. I wondered how a man who has lived all his life in the same place can ever go away. It is easier, more natural, and perhaps more honest to go away when one is very young. But what does going away really mean? How many men had lived and died in this spot dreaming of faraway islands, faraway cities, while those who had left were devoured by homesickness!

As for myself, had I ever forgotten? Had I ever really imagined, invented anything that did not begin and end among these hills?

As I walked along I thought back over my life, year by year, asking myself in vain whether it had any meaning. In a while I met a gamewarden, with a gun over his shoulder and in one hand some skinned frogs strung on a willow branch.

"Once upon a time there was at B——— a frogcatcher called Lazzaro," I said. "Do you know what became of him?"

"Poor fellow, he was always in hot water."

"Because of you people?"

"Not because of me."

"What kind of trouble do you mean?"

"He just didn't know how to mind his own business. He never had any money. Why couldn't he mind his own business?"

"He had a daughter called Laurina. Did she ever get married and have a family?"

"If the flies haven't eaten her she's still around," he said laughing. "But as for getting married, who'd marry anyone in such a wretched condition? How in the world do you happen to know her?"

"We're friends," I answered.

He stared at me as if I had said something completely fantastic, and at the first crossroad we separated without saying good-bye. The valley narrowed and the air grew heavy and hot. The road began to run alongside a stream and soon I came to the spot where the water tumbled down from a rock, forming a transparent pool. I had come here as a boy to sit on the bank and let my feet hang in the cold water. I would sit there watching the rapid flow of the stream, and after a while the bank on which I sat would seem to be moving, and I with it.

Here I came upon an old woman lying on the grass with a basketful of nuts beside her. She looked so tired that she might have been a drowned corpse laid out to dry. As soon as she saw me she pulled herself up to a sitting position and smoothed her clothes. She had gone to the weekly market at B———, she told me, to sell her nuts, but no one had bought them. Actually, this was the third time she had taken them to B———.

"Even if you did sell them," I asked her, "how much would you get? Would it be worth the effort?"

"Worth the effort?" she said in surprise. "Can the mother of a family stop to think of that?"

She had a sick son, she went on to tell me, and the pills the doctor told him to take cost money. That was why, for three weeks, she had been trying to sell the nuts. And if meanwhile her son were to die, what would people say? They would say it was her fault. She coughed and rose to her feet painfully. I walked along with her for a way, carrying the basket.

"I can't afford to rest for long," she said. "Otherwise I'd never get up; the little strength I have would melt away. I have to get up several times during the night to stoke the fire in the baker's oven. That way I get bread for nothing, and I haven't time to be ill."

After a short distance our paths separated. She lived in the village of O———.

"Did you ever know an old man at B——— called Lazzaro?" I asked before we parted.

"Of course I knew him. How they made him suffer! He was a saint, and no one could complain that he had ever harmed anyone, but he couldn't resign himself; he didn't know how to bow his head."

"It's not right to bow your head before injustice," I said.

She looked at me compassionately.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "Are you one of the same kind?" "What good does it do to hold your head high?"

"And what's the good of resignation?" I retorted. "What has it done for you?"

"Nothing. But if it's no use either bowing your head or holding it high, then you may as well bow it. At least it's good for the soul."

"Lazzaro had a daughter," I said, "a girl named Laurina."

"Did you know her too? How in the world did that happen? She's gone hungry all her life, poor thing."

THERE was B——— at the top of the hill. It looked exactly as I remembered it; among the dark, huddled mass of houses there were still the gaps left long ago by an earthquake. At the entrance to the village I had a sudden feeling of panic; I was tempted to turn back and run away. But it was just the time when fresh bread was coming

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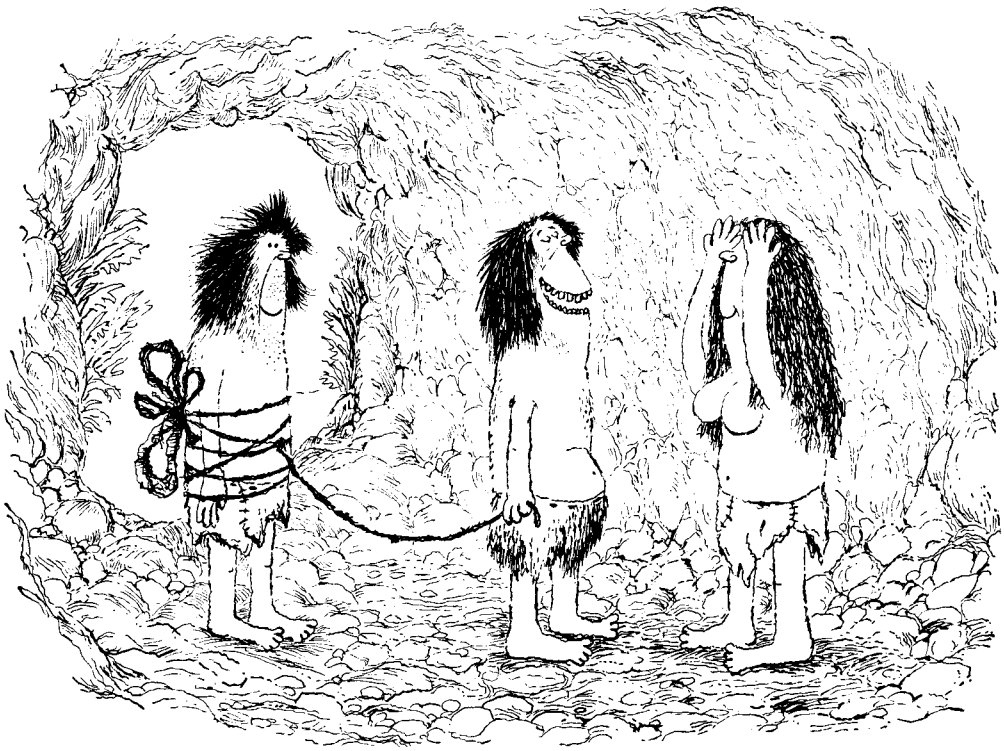

Gifts by Fernando Krahn

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out of the baker's oven, and the good smell of fresh bread overcame my hesitation. The first thing, I thought to myself, was to ask for the priest. An old man in beggar's rags was shuffling along ahead of me, pausing at intervals to spit to one side on the ground.

"Where does your priest live?" I asked him.

He stopped and looked at me mistrustfully.

"Can you give me a match?" he asked.

I handed it to him.

"Give me another," he said.

I gave him several more. Without saying anything further, he turned his back on me and hurried up a side street. When I caught up with him he was at the sacristy door.

"He's surely the tax collector," he was saying to the priest. "Better make yourself scarce."

The priest did not recognize me at first, but with an awkward gesture he beckoned to me to come in. There was a timid smile on his lips, as if he were trying to win my compassion in case I had actually come to collect taxes. But after my first words he realized who I was and leaped excitedly to his feet, proposing to call in the mayor and inform the population. He was exactly my age and we had gone to school together, but he seemed very old.

"I just happened to be coming through here," I told him. "I'll be on my way this evening or tomorrow."

"Didn't anyone recognize you along the road?"

"It's been twenty-five years. And I didn't come up here often, even as a boy."

"It's been twenty-five centuries," he corrected me. "Exactly twenty-five centuries. May I give you a cup of coffee?"

"I'm glad to have no one recognize me," I told him. "I've lost my taste for publicity. And the few people I'd have liked to see are dead."

"The village took a lot of punishment during the war," he said, "chiefly to its morale. You ought to talk to the mayor. There's a lot you could do. I wrote to you several times, but you never bothered to answer."

"I'm here only by chance, I told you. I was coming by, and I thought I'd look in. So I'd rather you didn't tell anyone. But now that I'm here I remember something in your last letter. How is Laurina? Where can I find her?"

"She died yesterday. Now her suffering is over."

He was aware of my emotion.

"Couldn't you have let me know that she was so close to death?" I said as soon as I could manage to speak.

"Do you know how recently I discovered that you knew each other? I was called to her bedside a few days ago. 'Bedside' is just a manner of speaking, because she had sold her bed and was lying on a mattress on the floor. Two old women were with her, and they were talking about you. They asked me why you were so unwilling to come back, and I didn't know what to say. 'My father was right,' said Laurina. 'He and I went to the station to see him off when he had to go away.' It cost her a great effort to speak. '"You'll make your way in the world and forget this sad country," my father said to him.' And she added weakly: 'He said he wouldn't forget; he almost wept in his attempt to convince my father that he meant it. "I'll never forget you," he said over and over. To tell the truth, I believed him myself. But now . . .'"

The priest was silent for a moment and then went on talking. I could hear the sound of his words, but their meaning escaped me. Perhaps he was talking about the moral damage done by the war, the inadequacy of the old people's pensions, the needs of the village. I moved toward the door, and he moved after me. The street outside was deserted.

"The town hall is over there," he said. "Perhaps you've forgotten."

I made an effort to answer him calmly.

"I don't care about the mayor," I said. "I'm going back to Rome."

The Liberals Hissed

NAT HENTOFF

THE EARNEST STUDENT has plunged into his oral exams for Failure 1. His professor, author of *Failure for Freshmen*, reminds him that error alone is not failure; it must be compounded.

"Now, then, an example of failure."

"St. Peter," the young man begins brightly. "He preached the doctrine of love."

"And he compounded by—"

"Founding the Christian Church."

"Excellent. Now," the professor points at a blackboard, "provide illustrations of failure under each of the headings there."

"Government and Politics? Adlai Stevenson. Business, Industry, and Finance? Adlai Stevenson. Religion and Philosophy? Adlai Stevenson."

"Superb. You have recognized a true Renaissance Man of failure."

With the laughter from the audience came not a few hisses. "The hisses," said a member of the cast later, "really reminded us we were back in New York. There are some things liberals in this town *never* laugh at."

The visiting troupe of satirists in question is "The Committee," based in San Francisco and currently making its first New York stand at the Henry Miller Theatre. The majority of the cast of eight and director Alan Myerson are variously bruised veterans of the New York theatre and of such older semi-improvisatory companies as "The Premise" and "Second City." They formed "The Committee" in San Francisco in March, 1963, and have become an entrenched success with their own cabaret theatre.

"The Committee" builds its repertory from scenes and lines that first occur during on-stage improvisations. Its New York performances consist mainly of such set pieces, although there are also improvisatory shows on Sundays and Tues-

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 111

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

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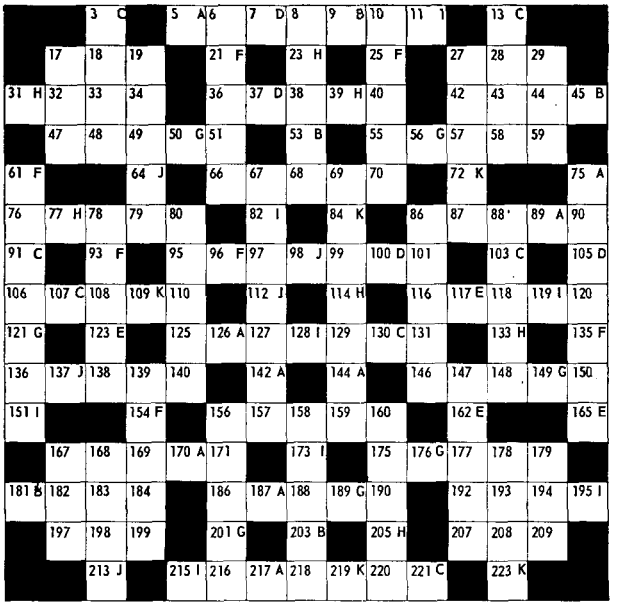

A
75 142 170 144 126 89 187 217 5 Those who give away secrets.

B
9 45 53 203 181 Famous Irish nationalist, or an old ant.

C
3 91 221 130 13 107 103 Queen of Palmyra defeated by Aurelian.

D
7 37 105 100 Early Russian defeat in the Crimean War.

E
162 165 117 123 "Oh, _____ upon our wedding, / And we will hear the chime." Housman, "A Shropshire Lad."

F
61 93 25 96 135 21 154 A control flap on the wing of an airplane.

G
56 149 50 121 201 189 176 Sources of interest for spare time.

H
23 77 39 114 133 31 205 One with the greatest aversion to labor.

I
82 173 195 11 151 128 215 119 Name of many promontories: notably the tip of New Guinea (4,4).

J
64 98 213 137 112 Composer of Ernani and Don Carlos.

K
72 109 223 219 84 Its coral strand is the literary antipode of Greenland's icy mountains.

ACROSS

5. Tat less if you want something most trite.
17. Brass in Rome and in Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania.
27. Greek T also in Latin.
31. The Acrostician as he is better known.
36. A square in La Paz, undoubtedly.
42. The weight of the garment sans net.
47. I need bail; it gives me this excuse.
55. March turned topsy-turvy by a sort of "bloom on a woman."
66. A break like the snap of a whip.
76. Bathes the slave with a kind of salve.
86. This Sam represents us and may be our mother's brother.
95. The near capital of the 215 people.
106. A British poet and playwright? Pooh!
116. The carving that came to nothing.
125. The bird whose feathers make a rum boa of sorts.
136. Creative thoughts may be expressed aside.
146. Famous 1492 port of departure from an atomic testing site in Illinois.
156. He served in the Med as the Pasha commanding in the 1897 war with Greece.
167. O vile fruit!
175. This word in the R.A.F motto, naturally, contains a star.
181. Cravats or deadlocks.
186. Delight in what once rested on a fulcrum.
192. Take up the tassel and get not so much at the end.
197. Led the Confederates away from the wind.
207. We have to pay up for this island.
215. Describes the Acrostician by nationality.

DOWN

3. Laze about paradoxically with enthusiastic effort.
6. The subject in any motto, picture, or map.
8. I am all for backing this beast of burden.
10. It's not taut and lacks change.
13. A cockle for Aaron.
17. Exclamation of triumph when making a haul.
19. Part of a block that may cause hives.
27. A profit ahead once more.
29. A cap you'll find about on a mat.
61. Becalm one with the proper retort.
67. Her ride means jobs given back.
69. Poetic name for a native of the Lesser Antilles and one island there.
75. Some err and have this guilty feeling.
78. At least fifty live in any French city.
80. Met on the ship and stanches the flow.
86. Separate your hands when unpneumatic with no time to nap.
88. One may be distilled from 61 down, not as insect but mammal.
139. I am insane, pointlessly, about the flavor of licorice.
147. Lay about a small point very precisely.
156. Ease and a kind of anger together are very strange.
158. Unlike the underprivileged, these lucky people shave.
160. Its people, so brave in the war, want this island's independence in a dismal task.
167. The natural resource from which the Acrostician derives his wealth.
168. The grimace in the smile erroneously given.
178. Study sounds like grass at present, but when past like a color.
179. A serpent not inept, but just a sap.

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days following the regular performances.

"The Committee" is not so polished but also not so brittle as "The Premise" or such British imports of recent years as "Beyond the Fringe" and "The Establishment." It is closest to "Second City" in terms of the breadth of its targets, its range of mood, and its emphasis on small-scale human vulnerabilities rather than polemical lampooning.

In "Summer Vacation," for instance, two college girls, once close friends, compare the quite different ways in which each has "adjusted" to the imperatives of sex in the year they've been apart. There are no funny lines as such, but their conversation does evoke with bittersweet humor the chasm that often opens at the end of adolescence between those who once thought each the image of the other.

When "The Committee" focuses on our society, it reduces what it considers the absurd to logical insanity. In "Prison Scene," an understandably truculent man about to be electrocuted is assured by the warden, chaplain, and governor of their concern for his plight—as they lament the burden it places on them. "After all," the warden points out, "I'm just doing my job." "Why don't you get another job?" snarls the prisoner. When electrocution fails to do the job, all three fall on the prisoner and beat him to death. Among other provocative skits of "The Committee" is the confrontation between a mechanical man and a representative of the new breed of panhandler who demands his due from anything in motion. There is also a mercilessly exact parody of certain currently popular, vacuous folk-singing groups; but the boneless amiability of the cast in this sketch may yet induce a stray recording director to take them seriously.

ALL THE PERFORMERS are inventive in many ways; but the preeminent fusions of acting skill and antic temperament occur in the work of Irene Riordan (a less defensive Elaine May), the gangling Larry Hankin (who is as resourcefully impotent as Superman as he is in the role of the panhandler), and Garry Goodrow (a mockingly acerb expert on outcasts).

"The Committee," it should be noted, is nowhere near as radical as Lenny Bruce—still the most outrageously relevant of all topical humorists. But one of "The Committee's" projects on its return to San Francisco is a Lenny Bruce play. It will be interesting to see which of those two forces survives the encounter with the less change. "The Committee" could use more of Bruce's black laughter, while Bruce might benefit if he were to absorb a degree of the resilient discipline that characterizes "The Committee's" irreverent art.

The Art of Anti-Acting

RICHARD BIMONTE

NORMALLY you don't expect to see a man wrestle with his soul at Vic Tanny's. But just such a bald juxtaposition of sluggish liver and spiritual dilemma was what Federico Fellini had in mind when he began to map out "8½." Against a backdrop of steam baths and mineral springs, his world-weary hero, floundering *nel mezzo del cammin,* might yet revive the body and restore the dream. From the start Fellini saw this film as a comedy, perhaps not quite so divine as Dante's but a comedy nonetheless. Strange then that his first thought for the lead fell upon Sir Laurence Olivier. That plan never got off the ground, but for eight months Fellini resisted the obvious and inevitable choice: his old school friend Marcello Mastroianni, who had just the right balance of deep feeling and playfulness for the part.

Olivier, who once told Anthony Quinn there is "no such thing as

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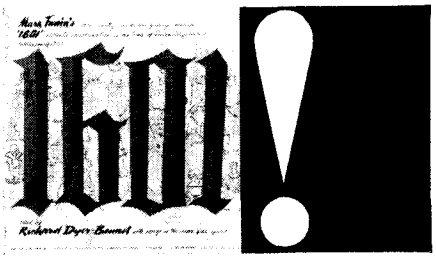
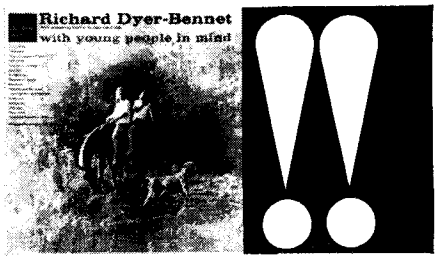


NOT FOR CHILDREN
and



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overacting," is, in the good sense, stagy—rhetorical, larger than life, deliberate in his playing and placing of effects. Mastroianni's stage background, by comparison, is meager. Luchino Visconti, discovering him at a university theatre, cast him one season in some Alfieri and Shakespeare, but most notably in the Italian versions of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Death of a Salesman*. He drifted into films soon after, where he worked for seven years before he could shake the curse of handsome juvenile. He first earned recognition as a serious actor, again under Visconti, in *White Nights* (1957).

Since then, Mastroianni, in this age of the anti-hero, has been quietly cultivating the art of anti-acting with such inventiveness that one is belatedly surprised at how excellent his work has been all along. The usual tendency is not to take the pretty boys seriously as actors. But Mastroianni's good looks are, like everything else about him, casual. He plays low-key, flattens speech and action, slouches, and registers a detached sort of nasal annoyance whenever the script forces him stage front. The throwaway line is a traditionally effective device, but no one has ever thrown away entire roles to such telling effect as Mastroianni. And he carries off what the Italians call his *naturalezza* without any of the portentous psychologizing and nervous gingerbread overlay that so often mars the efforts, for example, of the Actors Studio crowd.

If ever Mastroianni were suspected of being Fellini's Trilby, that charge would be demolished by the subtle, far-ranging performances in his two latest releases, Vittorio de Sica's *Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow* and Mario Monicelli's *The Organizer*.

The title of de Sica's comic trilogy has been cause for mild confusion: in spite of a vaguely historical flavor in the Neapolitan segment, there is no real chronological distinction among the episodes. De Sica seems to be saying that yesterday, today, and tomorrow the story is ever the same. Mastroianni plays three quite dissimilar characters. First, as an indigent Neapolitan

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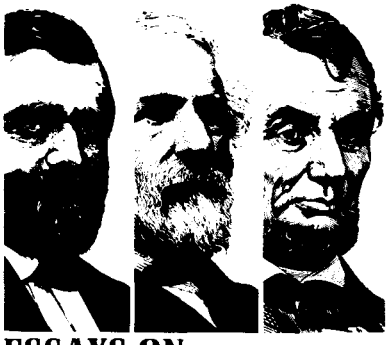

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with wall-to-wall curls, he discovers that (a) the only sure-fire legal formula for keeping his working wife out of prison is continuous impregnation and that (b) unemployment in its own way can be hard work indeed. Next, he appears as an idealistic tweedy writer type with regulation crew cut who toys with the idea of idling with one of the idle rich, the sensation-seeking wife of a well-heeled Milanese, only to end up walking home for denting a fender of her Silver Cloud Rolls. Last, he shows up as the slicked-down, sideburned son of a Bolognese, a far-from-tired young businessman come to Rome for a lecherous weekend only to be foiled time and time again by his favorite call girl. She is much too busy straightening out an infatuated young seminarian about to bolt the cloth.

In these three interpretations, Mastroianni covers the comic gamut by seeming to run away from it. Never once does he give the feeling—as, say, the equally versatile Vittorio Gassman sometimes does, or, for that matter, Peter Sellers, whose virtuosity leans too heavily on vocal imitations and elaborate makeup—that he is indulging in a *tour de force*, that beneath the dazzling differences in dialect, gesture, and mannerism the basic personality projection—the "star"—is always there shining through. Instead of absorbing the role into himself, Mastroianni disappears into the role.

"THE ORGANIZER" is a remarkable, often moving film directed by Mario Monicelli, best known here for *Big Deal on Madonna Street*, in which Mastroianni also appeared as one of a band of engagingly bumbling thieves. Set in turn-of-the-century Turin and impressively photographed to re-create the look, feel, and texture of the period, the new film tells of the abortive first efforts of workers in a textile mill to strike for a shorter workday of thirteen hours. A former schoolteacher who is presented as a sort of Socialist saint arrives by train at night to help the workers win their cause. They lose. But the parting note is bittersweet. Triumph is implicit in the defeat.

On the surface, it all appears to be straight out of the sugar-coated social realism of the Hollywood thirties. There they are, the old prototypes and situations, seemingly shown in terms as black and white as the wet-plate photography of the 1860's which the film's visual style suggests. We have the familiar absent-minded professor myopically fumbling with his glasses (remember Paul Muni?), the inevitable whore with the heart of gold (remember Gladys George?), the gruff lovable roughneck and natural leader of men (remember Wallace Beery?). There's even a nasty old capitalist in a wheelchair, a hard-working fatherless boy who becomes a martyr to the cause, and a young soldier caught between duty and love for a member of the proletariat. But Monicelli has a gift for turning a cliché in on itself and stating its ambivalent, Chaplinesque aspect with economy and much comic bite. And this is the vein in which Mastroianni plays Professor Sinigaglia. When the whore asks him why he has abandoned wife and family for a life of hunger and prison, he replies lightly that it is perhaps because of egotism. This is the specter that haunts him and puts a curious double face on all his actions. So, when he exhorts the frustrated workers to march on the factory, Mastroianni, though he has the equipment for rhetorical flourish, chooses instead a delivery that is flat and choppy as if he were mouthing a mechanical formula he knows has led to bloodshed and violence before and may do so again. Later when he fumbles for his glasses near the body of the boy who has been killed by the soldiers, there is no righteous indignation, no flowery final words, no heroics. He doesn't dare look at the body as he gropes along the ground for his glasses to restore that limited vision to which he has sacrificed his own and other lives. Anatole France put his finger on it many years ago: "It takes a certain impudence to become a martyr."

In an interview last year, Mastroianni said, in wistful admiration of Humphrey Bogart, that he too would like "to play a strong, secure man for once. But life has not allowed me to do that."

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BOOKS

Holy Moses

MARCUS KLEIN

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. *Viking Press. $5.75.*

Bellow's heroes have always been great escapers. From concentrated, claustral self-examination, they break forth into universal history, scientific thought, learned metaphysical speculation, giddy, whirling abstractions. It is their characteristic motion. The particularly serious, passionate comedy they act out in the prose has always been in what immediately follows this romp: a quick hunch of the shoulders and a hasty retreat for confirmation of reality, as it were, with latitudes crashing all around (*"Dear Doktor Professor Heidegger,"* writes Herzog in the new novel, *"I should like to know what you mean by the expression 'the fall into the quotidian.' When did this fall occur? Where were we standing when it happened?"*) By exactly the same principle, a terrible conceit, an urgency to love only the individual soul's uniqueness, has always been the terrible sin of Bellow's heroes. Therefore the whole world presents itself to them as an oppression and also as a conscience-stricken imperative.

Moses Herzog brings new witness. *"Je sens mon cœur et je connais les hommes,"* he says—twice, at first with conviction but then, again, dubiously. The Romantic bromide is the great question—can the soul leap?—the question upon which Bellow sticks and from which everything follows. It is the principle of Herzog's rhetoric and of his agonizing. He leaps back and forth, and this compulsive athletics signifies, as it always does in Bellow's fiction, nothing less than an endeavoring for some absolute possibility of moral behavior that will meet the test of the individual's life. The subject is, finally, "goodness," a word that Bellow almost alone can utter without laziness, sickliness, meanness, or mealiness.

This would be marvelous stuff in any time. In this time, when anyone alive is a lonely survivor and when—add insult—what Herzog calls "paperback chatter" is all about "absurdity," "alienation," *"actes gratuits,"* or what have we not, Bellow now has broached and in six novels has pursued the only comprehensive theme there is. His hero—sometimes a sullen heavyweight (Asa Leventhal in *The Victim*, Tommy Wilhelm in *Seize the Day*), sometimes sinewy and resilient (Augie March)—has always been lonely, estranged, terribly put-upon; therefore he has been driven to finding some connection with all those millions of others out there. Here is Joseph, the young hero of Bellow's first novel, *Dangling Man*, in strenuous debate with himself:

> "We abuse the present too much, don't you think so?"
> "You're not so fond of it."
> "Fond! What a word!"
> "Alienated, then."
> "That's bad, too."
> "It's popular."
> "There's a lot of talk about alienation. It's a fool's plea."
> "Is it?"
> "You can divorce your wife or abandon your child, but what can you do with yourself?"
> "You can't banish the world by decree if it's in you. Is that it, Joseph?"

And again:

> My talent, if I have one at all, is for being a citizen, or what is today called, most apologetically, a good man. . . . And goodness is achieved not in a vacuum, but in the company of other men, attended by love.

And here, now, is Moses Elkanah Herzog, forty-seven years old, twice divorced and with two children behind him, betrayed by lovers and a failure as a lover, glutted with misery, his hair thinning even as he anxiously reads the ads of the Thomas Scalp Specialists, a bad father, having been an ungrateful child and an indifferent citizen, risen from humble origins, as he says, to complete disaster:

> The canned sauerkraut of Spengler's "Prussian Socialism," the commonplaces of the Wasteland outlook, the cheap mental stimulants of Alienation, the cant and rant of pipsqueaks about Inauthenticity and Forlornness. I can't accept this foolish dreariness. We are talking about the whole life of mankind.

And again:

> But let's stick to what matters. I really believe that brotherhood is what makes a man human. . . . The real and essential question is one of our employment by other human beings and their employment by us.

HERZOG's authority for talk about "brotherhood" is, like Joseph's before him, his desperate experiences with brotherhood. His ordinary private disasters make him an authority on the public good.

Conversely, public disasters find in him their private exemplification, and *Herzog* is different from what has come before chiefly in the directness and insistence with which Bellow has made this private life a historical case. Herzog is an ex-college professor, a specialist in Romantic Thought. He has conceived a book designed to overturn "the last of the Romantic errors about the uniqueness of the Self" and which will end "with a new angle on the modern condition, showing how life could be lived by renewing universal connections." Meanwhile, in the four or five days of the action of the novel, he is ferociously convalescing from his last divorce and, because *it* is exemplary, from all of the broken connections of his life. Memories flood in upon him, of his family, friends, enemies, lovers, and in the same moment he is seized by an impulse to take up issues with everyone—much of these four or five days is taken up with excited letter writing; he dashes off memos to Aunt Zelda, to brother Shura, to his dead mother, to Stewart Udall, to Eisenhower, to his psychia-

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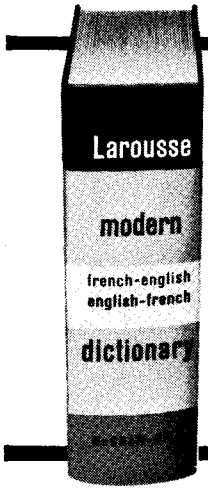

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trist, to Nehru, Martin Luther King, Willie Sutton, and Nietzsche. His final letter is addressed to God, Whom he wishes Peace. His ordinary experience and knowledge, if he can recover them, are relevant to all large issues. He proves all issues in himself. *"One way or another,"* he writes to one of his correspondents, *"the no doubt mad idea entered my mind that my own actions had historic importance . . . ,"* and it follows that his fate is the public fate.

The consequence of the assertion for Bellow is a discourse liberated almost entirely from fiction. In the assertion is his whole plot. Herzog's adventure is the rhetoric with which again and again he assaults all dead abstractions, making vital connections between the life of his own person and all universals. In fact none of Bellow's novels, excepting perhaps *The Victim*, has been made in the usual mode of fiction, proceeding from exposition to climax to resolution, and Bellow has spoken of his distrust of literary symbols. With *Herzog* he has invented a mode in which almost all obliquenesses of storytelling—and incidentally almost all personal disguises—have dropped away. He has freed himself for the universal pursuit of universals. Bellow has heretofore been a brilliant stylist. The language of *Herzog* is dazzling—by turns lyric, lofty, pierced by ironies, tart, witty, and terrifically urgent. The language is the character and the action. To say that *Herzog* is written in the first person would be like saying that Genesis is written in the first person. The voice is the whole case; it contains everything.

BUT THEN it must be said that God had the advantage of not having to carry the case to the end. Ironically enough, just because there are few obliquenesses of storytelling, because Herzog is a prophet more than he is a character, the couple of actual events in the novel are arbitrary and out of character, and it comes to rest in a few arbitrary, conventional literary symbols. Herzog visits his ex-wife and her lover with a loaded pistol in his pocket. Of course he does not take it out and fire it. Then he is involved in an automobile accident. The episodes are seemingly designed to exorcise the violence within Herzog, but in truth violence has never been his problem. Herzog's convalescence takes place in June. His little daughter is named June. He is being aided in his convalescence by a lady whose religion is sex but who is by calling a florist. At the end of the novel he moves into a decrepit old house he owns in the Berkshires, and when his florist friend comes to visit him, he brings her wildflowers. At this point the knowledge comes to him suddenly that he is done with letter writing, that he may or may not be able to *connais les hommes* but in any event he is content just to be, that he has no more messages for anyone. What have the flowers to do with the matter? Without them there would be no way to accomplish this holistic peace.

But then it must be said that Moses, too, probably thought he was a flop at this line of endeavor, which didn't prove there was no Promised Land. If the ending of *Herzog* is a little suspect, only a baiting of a resolution, the material hardly permits of any resolution except death. Meanwhile, Moses Herzog's obsessed renewing of universal connections is profound and it is radiant. Indeed, it is the only way to live.

311 East 100th

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

LET IN THE SUN, by Woody Klein. *Macmillan. $5.95.*

Perhaps profiting from the lamentable experience with the passenger pigeon, we have taken few pains to encourage the economic extinction of that purest surviving specimen of nineteenth-century capitalism, the slumlord. The Federal income-tax laws, local tax-assessing policies, and condemnation pricing procedures all seem calculated to ensure the survival of those modern real-estate robber barons. Last year the citizens of Phoenix, Arizona, went so far as to abolish a housing code that required indoor toilets, hot and cold running

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"the Communist Party is a white man's party..."

—HARLEM DIARY, RAMPARTS, Oct., 1964

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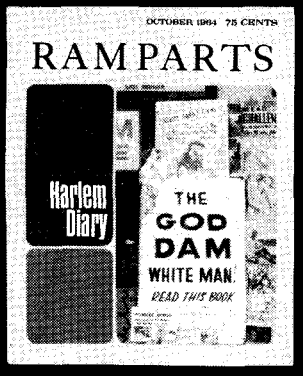

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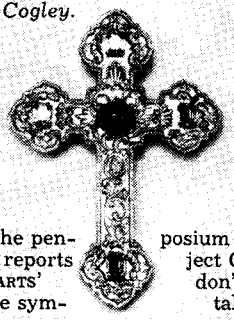

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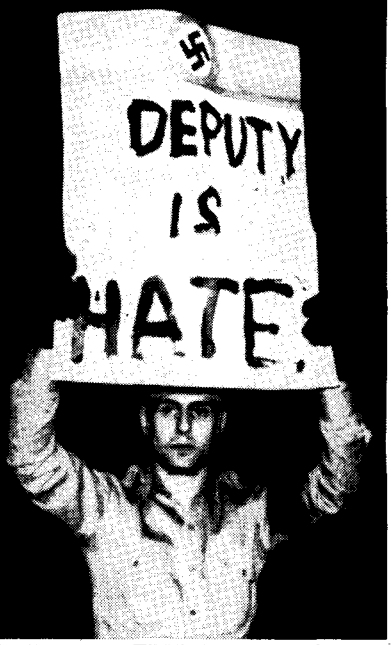

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water, and other decadent luxuries expected by pampered tenants.

As an introduction to the corrosive despair of slum life, Mr. Klein, who took up residence in some of New York's most squalid areas on assignment from the *World-Telegram and Sun*, records the dismal history of 311 East 100th Street. Built during the O. Henry era, the six-story brick building was one of New York's early "new-law" tenements. These buildings were erected under the state's Tenement House Law, enacted in 1901 after a half century of crusading by reformers like journalist Jacob Riis. Unlike the old-law tenements depicted by Riis and Stephen Crane (forty-three thousand of which survive today), new-law tenements could have no windowless rooms, no water closets in public halls, no timber-wall construction. Before the First World War, East 100th Street was a pleasant street in a lively neighborhood of Jewish and Italian craftsmen, small businessmen, and white-collar workers. These immigrants were following earlier German and Irish immigrants up the ladder of respectability and success. Within a few years, however, with the herding of Negroes into East Harlem, 311 East 100th Street began disintegrating under the corrosive despair that has come to typify the area. Today, 139 people are packed into seventy-two rooms of this rat-infested ruin.

FOR ALL his polemical fervor, Klein scrupulously records and weighs the suspects' testimony before rendering his verdict. He finds us all guilty, with government officials and landlords guiltiest of all. Having witnessed such unlovely sights as garbage thrown from windows, he suffers no illusions about slum dwellers and convicts them as accessories in the crime against themselves. He also convicts the "silent partner," the prosperous American from the antiseptic suburbs or the respectable parts of the city who blandly tolerates the exploitation and unknowingly subsidizes it.

Race prejudice compounds the slum problem in several ways. For slum-dwelling Negroes it makes a mockery of Horatio Alger sermons preached by "conservatives" like Barry Goldwater, who apparently can't comprehend the loss of opportunity attributable to black skin and the shrinking economic demand for low-order skills. Like the earlier German, Italian, and Jewish immigrants, urban Negroes occupy the bottom rung of the ladder to success, but for them the rungs above have been sawed off. In effect, race prejudice destroys the free market in housing and helps make slum investment a lucrative enterprise. Dorothy S. Montgomery, managing director of the Philadelphia Housing Association, has declared that only a Federal financial commitment on the scale of agriculture and space expenditures can eradicate slums in this century. Reducing the exorbitant profits extracted by the most unscrupulous slumlords would be a logical start for any massive housing program. Slum profiteering sustains a group of parasites determined to preserve the status quo. It also raises the public costs of slum clearance, urban renewal, and public housing.

The same concept of property rights that shielded Cicero and other real-estate speculators who exploited the mobs packed in the ten-story firetraps of ancient Rome makes slums profitable today for slumlords who violate the law. When a slum building is condemned for a public project (under a city's power of eminent domain), the owner is often rewarded for exceeding the occupancy standards set in the housing code. If he bloats profits by illegally crowding six families into a converted single-family residence, then he raises his property's capitalized value, the basic factor in setting condemnation prices. (Condemnation prices awarded by courts are generally ten to twenty per cent above market value.) Slumlords who may be extracting gross annual rents up to fifty per cent of capital cost are allowed depreciation allowances that, in the life of a slum building, may far exceed its original value, and each of the normally frequent changes in ownership starts the depreciation cycle anew. To aid slumlords further, American cities' archaic tax-assessing policies reward them with a lower tax bill for letting their property deteriorate. Slums return in taxes as little as one-tenth of their service costs to a municipality, and part of this tre-

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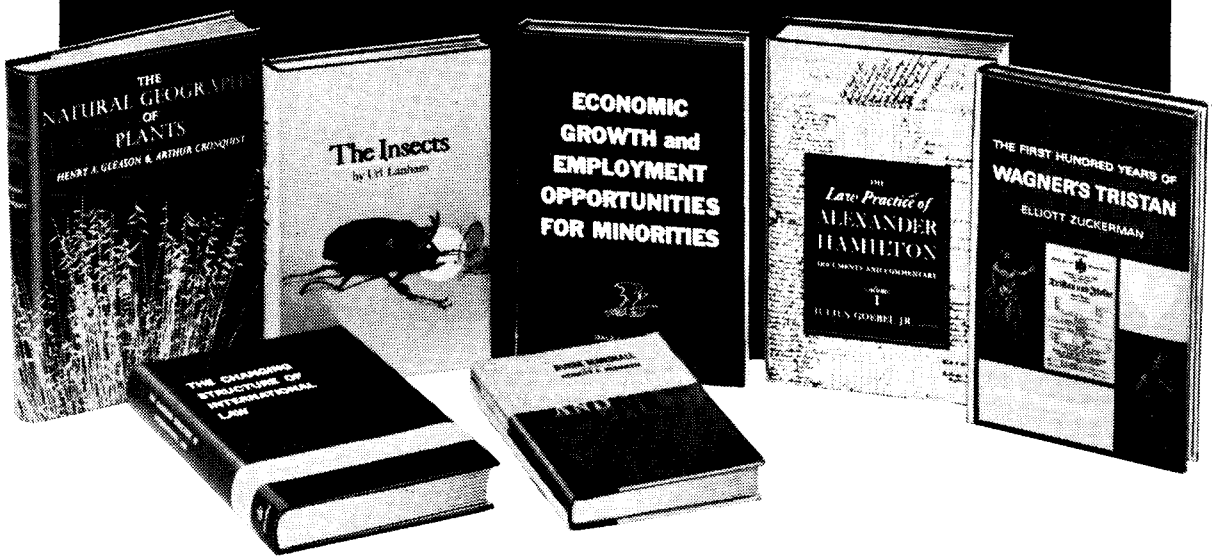
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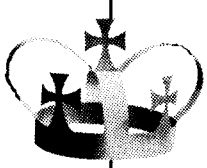

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mendous public subsidy goes into slumlords' pocketbooks.

Despite some improvements in enforcement of housing codes, American cities have never cracked down on slumlords. Even when they are caught violating codes, slumlords generally treat the trivial fines as a cheap business expense, an insignificant fraction of the cost of required repairs. With such generous financial rewards for breaking the law, it is scarcely surprising that the law holds no terrors for a species that seems to combine the single-minded avarice extolled by Adam Smith with the morality of a slave trader. «»

Stars, But No Bench Warmers

HAL HIGDON

BASEBALL HAS DONE IT, by Jackie Robinson. *Lippincott. $2.95.*

Negroes have come a long way in athletics since 1947, when Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson integrated major-league baseball, but the color line has not completely vanished from the sports world. What baseball "has done," according to Robinson, is to have successfully integrated the playing field. But, as his series of interviews with prominent Negro and white baseball stars demonstrates, there are still many areas where improvement is long overdue.

To be sure, baseball's record in human relations, at least on the surface, has been reasonably good. In June *Ebony* magazine published the estimated salaries of the ninety-three Negro athletes in the major leagues. They averaged $22,800, with superstar Willie Mays of the San Francisco Giants topping the list at $105,000. That puts Mays in the same base-salary tax bracket as Mickey Mantle, which is as it should be.

Indeed, you have to look beyond mere salaries to discover that a professional Negro athlete doesn't equal the earning potential of his white counterpart. It's quite common to see a Ken Boyer, or in football a Bart Starr, advising us not to use that greasy kid stuff, but you're more likely to encounter Mays grinning at you from a billboard in Harlem: "Say hey! Love that Alaga Syrup," and probably for a much smaller endorsement fee.

Another lucrative source of off-season income for professional athletes is touring the post-season "chicken à la king" circuit talking and showing game films for large fees. But few colored athletes do much except wait for the next season. One Negro athlete who led the majors in batting most of the early part of this season estimated that winning the batting title would mean $25,000 in outside income—if he were white, that is.

Despite the presence of a Negro on a major league roster seven years before the Supreme Court school-desegregation decision, no Negro appears even on the verge of becoming a major league manager. Once the Negro ceases to operate as a player, his days in baseball end. And his days as a player may end as soon as his batting average dips significantly below .300. "Generally the Negroes on the roster are only the stars," one Negro sports editor told me recently. "There's no place in baseball for the only average. They don't carry a benchwarmer."

BEYOND the great professional domains of baseball and football, integration in sports often conforms to social patterns. Most Northern colleges gladly prop their athletic programs by recruiting Negro athletes. Southern colleges, however, have only begun to integrate their playing fields. Last season, Maryland in the Atlantic Coast Conference and West Virginia in the Southern Conference had Negroes on their squads, the first ever in those conferences. Southern schools now have even begun to recruit Negro stars who previously went to all-Negro schools such as Florida A&M and Grambling College in Louisiana.

While they have made notable advances in many sports, Negroes have gone backward in at least one—horse racing. Prior to 1900, many jockeys were Negro; then gradually white jockeys began to replace them. Today there are only a few Negro jockeys, and they seldom get the better mounts. Horse racing means big money, and as many as ten jockeys in a season may make more than $100,000 a year. "If you want to see prejudice against us in sports," a Negro athlete recently told me, "just follow the dollar."

Tennis and golf, of course, are country-club sports. Althea Gibson rose from the public courts in Harlem to become a world tennis champion, but she is the exception. Charlie Sifford has for years competed successfully if unspectacularly in the same tournaments with Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer, but mainly at his own expense. The average white pro golfer of equal or less ability often is sponsored on tour by a country club or equipment manufacturer.

Negroes have competed in boxing and track since the turn of the century. Yet boxing is a dying sport, and while some people blame television, others blame its death on too many Negro champions. Conversely, many Negroes feel that professional basketball operates under a system that limits Negroes to four out of the ten players that make up a squad.

ABOVE ALL, the Negro athlete, even though he commands a large salary and white children pester him for autographs, still is a Negro. He can lead the way, as Robinson did, in desegregating an occasional hotel or restaurant, but he cannot completely retreat from prejudice, any more than can a well-salaried Negro lawyer or doctor living comfortably, yet ill at ease, in an all-white neighborhood. In Robinson's book, the former Milwaukee Braves' outfielder Billy Bruton tells the story of stopping one night at a motel in Wisconsin and being refused a room. He drove on and at the first telephone called the motel back: "This is Billy Bruton. . . . Do you have a room for me?"

The answer was yes, and when Bruton drove back to the motel, the clerk apologized for his previous blunder: "Gee, I'm awful sorry, Billy. I didn't recognize you before." The point was that the clerk *had* recognized him before—not as a baseball star but as a Negro.

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